

OCTOBER

No. 6

10¢

CRACK

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



NED BRANT



Starring
**THE BLACK
CONDOR**
*The Man
Who Can Fly*



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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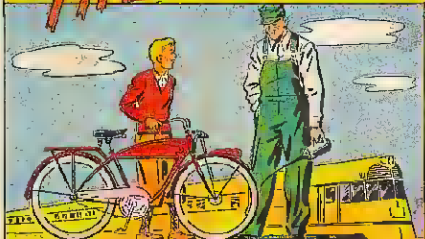


NED BRANT

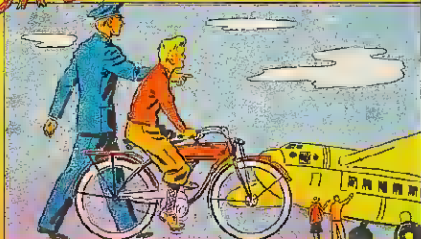


Starring
**THE BLACK
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*The Man
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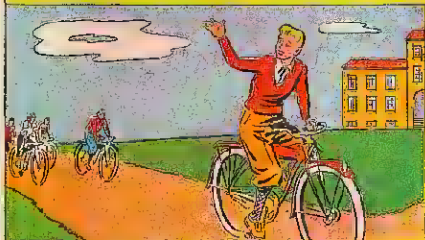
THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



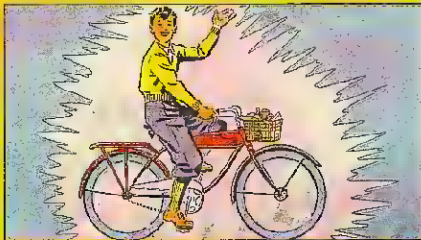
I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



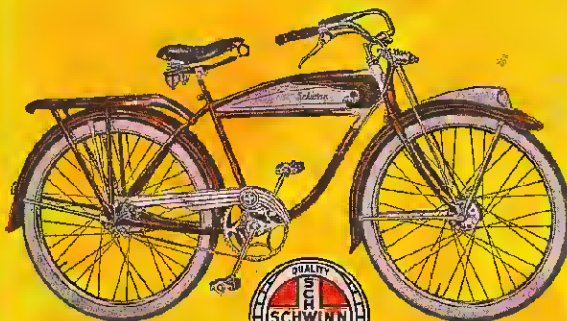
My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breaving ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighbor-
hood. Match them hub to hub. And
your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win
hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when
you show them the Spring Fork that
changes riding to g-l-i-d-d-l-i-n-g . . . the
Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to
a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-
proof Cycloclock . . . rear expander brake
. . . and many other exclusive Schwinn
features.

Then let the gang stand back and
admire the surging grace and super
strength of America's finest bicycle . . .
the bike that's waiting to whisk you
to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the
new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY

1729 KILDARE AVENUE

CHICAGO

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THE BLACK CONDOR

BY KENNETH LEWIS



WHAT? IMPOSSIBLE!
BUT THE BAROMETER
IS HIGH! NO 'Lows'
FOR 400 MILES!

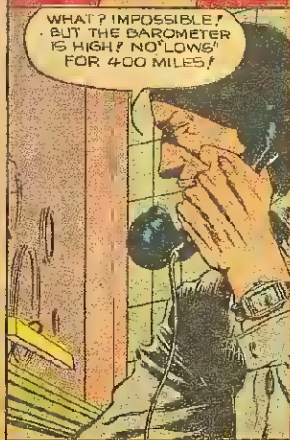
TERRIFIC THUNDER
STORMS REPORTED
COMING TOWARD THE
CITY! LIGHTNING HAS
STRUCK SEVERAL
BUILDINGS!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!
THE CHARTS
DON'T....

THE WEATHER MEN SCAN THE
HORIZONS FOR SIGNS OF THE
REPORTED STORM.

WELL?

IT'S TRUE
LIGHTNING
FLASHES
COMING
THIS
WAY!



FROM THE WEATHER BUREAU OVERLOOKING THE METROPOLIS, THE ASTONISHED MEN WATCH A STRANGE FORMATION APPROACHING ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



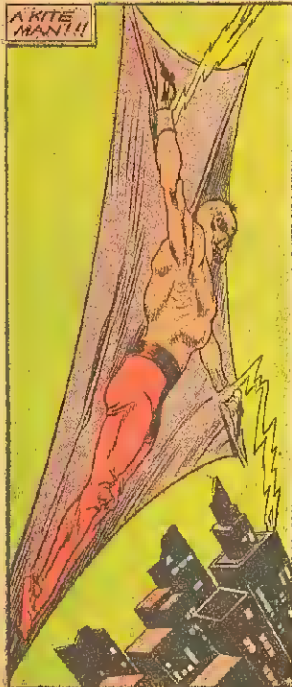
SUDDENLY ONE OF THE HIGHEST TOWERS IS SMASHED TO CRUMBLING RUINS BY A BLAST OF LIGHTNING.



THAT'S NO ORDINARY ELECTRIC STORM. THERE ARE SOME SORT OF KITES UP THERE, AND MAYBE I'M CRAZY, BUT THERE SEEM TO BE MEN ATTACHED TO THEM!



A KITE MAN!!



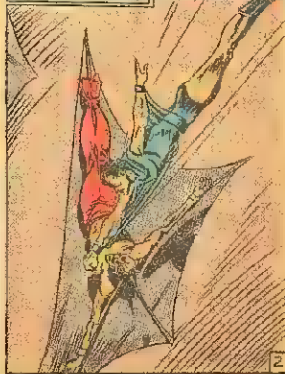
IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE SOARING DEVILS TURN THE CITY INTO AN INFERNO OF DESTRUCTION.



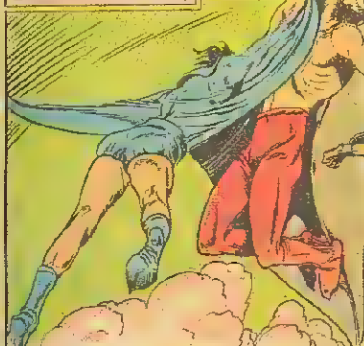
BUT UP FROM THE RUINS SWEEPS THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD ENDOWED WITH THE GIFT OF FLIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR.



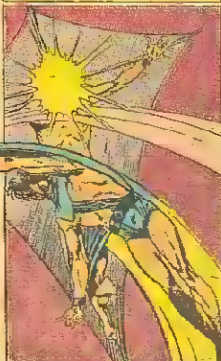
FIERCELY HE ATTACKS THE HUMAN KITES.



WITH BLOWS THAT MATCH THE THUNDERBOLTS, THE BLACK CONDOR WHIPS INTO THE GLIDING KITE MEN...



ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY SUCCEUMB TO HIS PUNISHING FISTS...



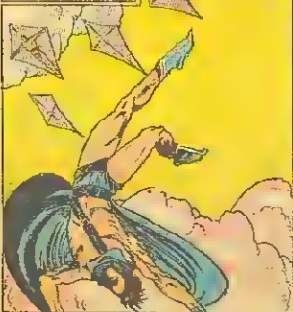
STRIKE HIM WITH A BOLT!



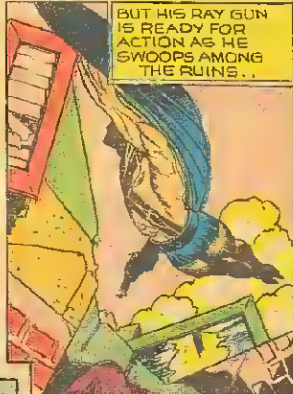
A FLASH OF MURDEROUS LIGHTNING STREAKS TOWARD THE FLYING MAN...



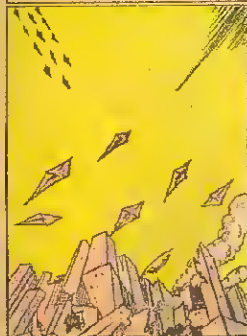
PRETENDING TO BE STRUCK, THE BLACK CONDOR PLUMMETS EARTHWARD.



BUT HIS RAY GUN IS READY FOR ACTION AS HE SWOOPS AMONG THE RUINS...



THE KITE MEN DIVIDE INTO TWO PARTIES. ONE DIVES INTO THE DESTROYED CITY TO ANNIHILATE ALL INHABITANTS.



WHILE THE OTHERS SPEED ACROSS THE WILD, MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY...



TO A FANTASTIC CITY IN THE HEART OF A CRATER...



THERE IN A HUGE LABORATORY,
A LITTLE FIGURE BUSILY
OPERATES THE WIRELESS
THAT CONTROL THE KITES



IT HAS BEGUN, YES!
THE INVASION IS
SUCCESSFUL!
HEH! HEH!



SOON THE MASTER AND
I, I, KARLO KLUG, WILL
BE RULERS OF THE
WORLD, WITH OUR
LIGHTNING AND
KITES!



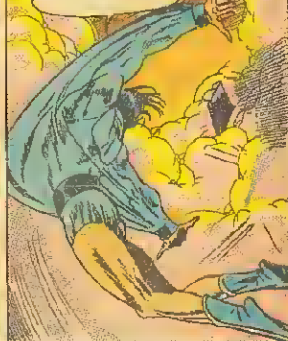
MEANWHILE, AMID THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION, THE
BLACK CONDOR FEELS THE INVADING KITE MEN
WITH HIS BLACK RAY.



JUST ONE
LEFT, I'LL
GO AND
FOLLOW
HIM!



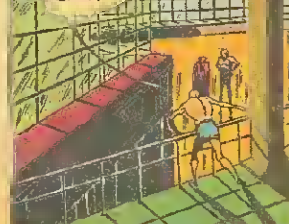
MAYBE HE'LL LEAD ME
TO SOMETHING
INTERESTING



THE REST
HAVE BEEN
KILLED...
I ALONE
ESCAPED



ONLY ONE
HAS RETURNED
FROM THE
CITY!

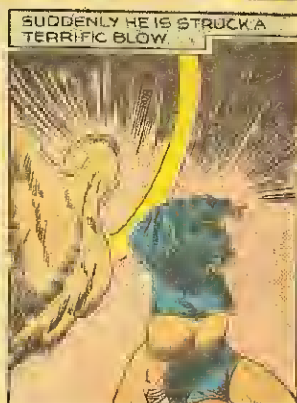
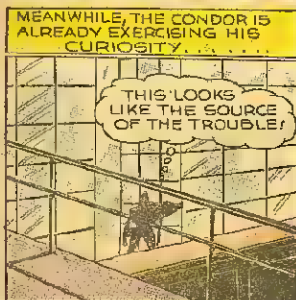


WHAT?
HOW?

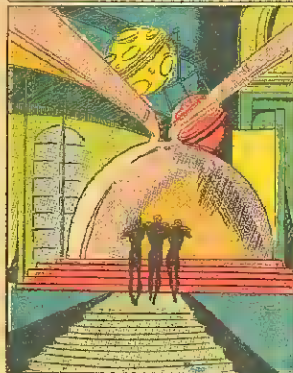


THE BLACK
CONDOR!!
I'M AFRAID
HE FOLLOWED
US HERE
HE MAY BE
WATCHING
US NOW!

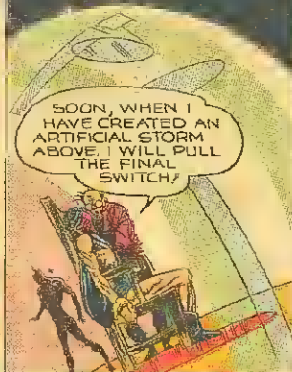




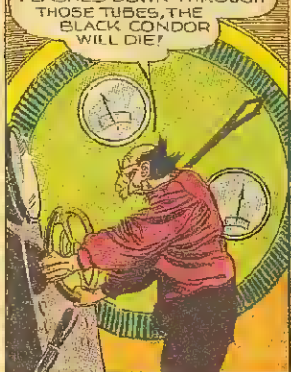
A MAMMOTH GLASS DOME IS THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.



SOON, WHEN I HAVE CREATED AN ARTIFICIAL STORM ABOVE, I WILL PULL THE FINAL SWITCH!



AND AS THE LIGHTNING FLASHES DOWN THROUGH THOSE TUBES, THE BLACK CONDOR WILL DIE!



THE STORM IS READY. NOW I MUST RECEIVE MY FINAL ORDERS FROM THE MASTER.

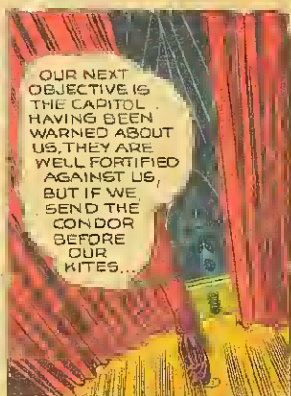


OH, SIRE, HE IS READY FOR THE ELECTROCUTION... SHALL I...?

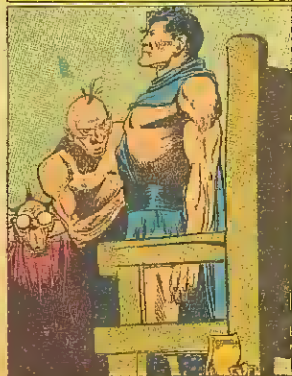
YOU FOOL! RELEASE HIM AT ONCE!



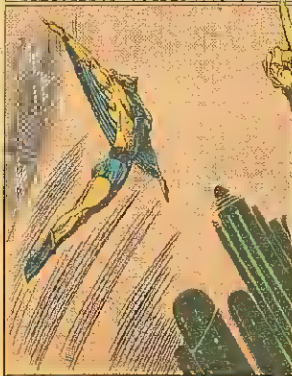
OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE IS THE CAPITOL. HAVING BEEN WARNED ABOUT US, THEY ARE WELL FORTIFIED AGAINST US, BUT IF WE SEND THE CONDOR BEFORE OUR KITES...



HIS WILL STILL BROKEN BY THE BLOW, THE CONDOR IS UNTIED.



AND SENT ON HIS FLIGHT TO THE NEXT POINT OF INVASION.



FOLLOW HIM, BUT KEEP WELL ABOVE THE CLOUDS!



THE WITE ARMY FLOATS ABOVE,
WELL HIDDEN BY THE CLOUDS.

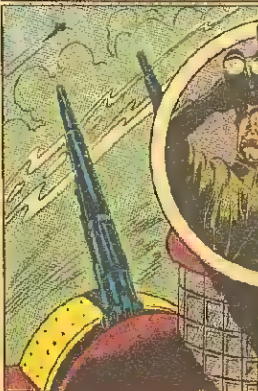
WHILE OVER THE CITY, THE
BLACK CONDOR WINGS...
UNAWARE OF THE EVIL
PURPOSE HE IS SERVING.



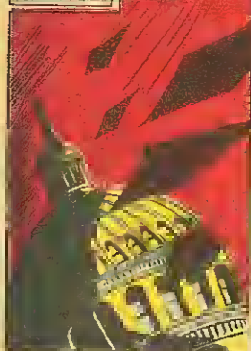
TRUSTING TO THE
CONDOR'S
SUPERIOR
POWERS, THE CITY'S
VIGILANCE IS
RELAXED,
AND THE
WITE MEN DROP
ON AN
UNPROTECTED
CITY.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ARE
TRAINED ON THE SKY

DON'T SHOOT!
IT'S THE BLACK
CONDOR! HE'S COME
TO HELP US!



DESTRUCTION RIDES IN
THEIR WAKES AS THEY
FALL UPON THE
CAPITOL.



NO LONGER NECESSARY FOR
THEIR PLANS, THE BLACK CONDOR
BECOMES A TARGET FOR THE
KITE MEN'S
LIGHTNING
BOLTS.



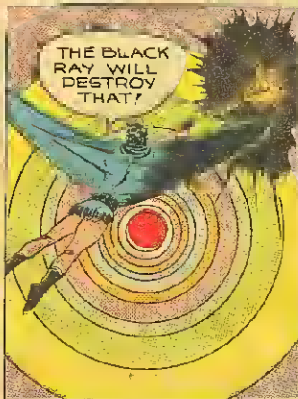
STRUCK BY A BLAZING BOLT,
THE CONDOR IS JOLTED OUT
OF HIS STATE OF COMA, BUT
UNHARMED.



HE SLASHES FURIOUSLY TO
THE ATTACK, BUT A MAGNETIC
SCREEN NOW PROTECTS THE
KITE MEN.



THE BLACK
RAY WILL
DESTROY
THAT!



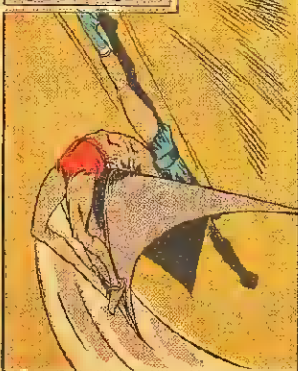
HIS ENEMY, BEREFT OF THE
SCREEN, GUIDES HELPLESSLY
OPEN TO HIS WITHERING
RAY BLASTS.



DESPERATELY THEY TRY TO
ESCAPE HIS ONSLAUGHT.



BUT SOON THE
LAST KITE MAN
IS DOWNED.



SEND OUT A SQUAD
TO ROUND UP
FALLEN KITE MEN.
THE CONDOR
HAS SAVED US!
THERE HE
GOES!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CRATER CITY...

THEY SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW... SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG! I KNOW IT!

THEN THE BLACK CONDOR RASHES THROUGH

HELP!

OH, MASTER! STRONG AND POWERFUL ONE, SAVE ME! SAVE ME!

WHAT'S HAPPENED, KLUG? ANSWER ME!

OH HO! SO THAT IS THE MASTER'S VOICE!

NOW WE'LL UNMASK THE MIGHTY ONE WHOSE SCHEMES HAVE ALMOST WRECKED THE WORLD!

WHAT??! A MIDGET? HO!HO!HA! HA HA!

LAUGH! YOU LAUGH! THE WORLD WAS WITHIN MY GRASP AND YOU! I'LL I'LL!

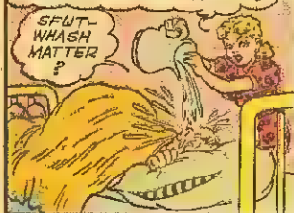
SOME HOURS LATER AN ARMY PLANE IS SCOUTING OVER THE HILLS WHEN

WHAT TH?? SOMETHING THROWN INTO THE PLANE!

A BUNDLE... LOOK AT THIS! A FUNNY LITTLE MAN AND A NOTE, FROM THE BLACK CONDOR! WHY, THIS WAS THE KITE MEN'S MASTER!

MOLLY the MODEL

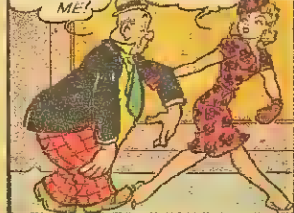
POP—GET UP—IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK—YOU'VE HAD TWELVE HOURS SLEEP—WAKE UP!



LAST NIGHT YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULD COME DOWN-TOWN WITH ME THIS MORNING AND LOOK FOR A JOB—



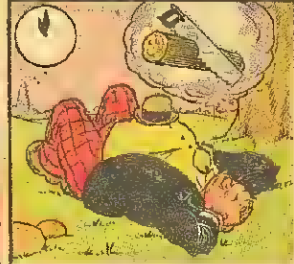
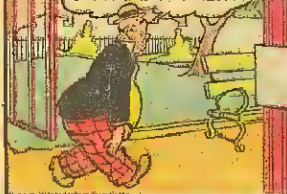
YOU DIDN'T HAVE T'POUR WATER ON ME! I THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO BLAST—C'MON!



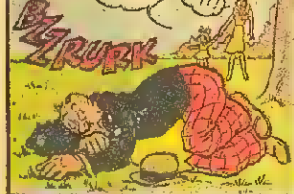
JUST SO YOU DON'T WEAKEN AND GO BACK HOME TO BED, I'M TAKING YOUR DOOR KEY—NOW START LOOKING FOR A JOB—G'BYE, POP!



I'M UTTERLY EXHAUSTED—IN NO CONDITION TO SEEK EMPLOYMENT!



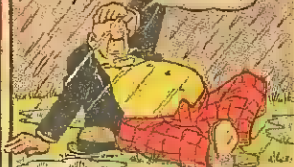
IS THIS THE ZOO, MOMMIE?



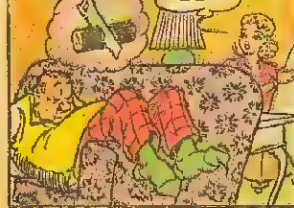
LOOKIT TH' WAY HIS BEL-ER--STUMMIK GOES UP AN' DOWN!



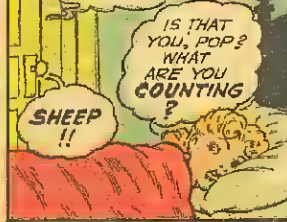
SHUCKS! A SHOWER—OH WELL, IT'S TIME T'GO HOME T' DINNER ANYWAY.



HEY, POP—WAKE UP—IT'S TIME T'GO TO BED!



—FORTY SIX, FORTY SEVEN, FORTY EIGHT—

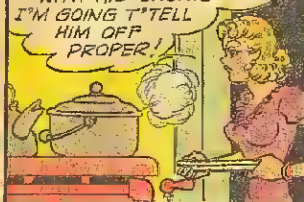


I'VE GOT INSOMNIA, MOLLY—I CAN'T SLEEP!

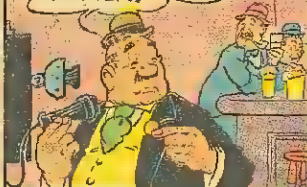


MOLLY the MODEL

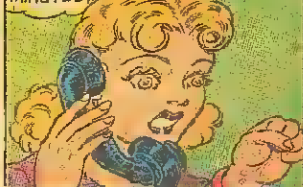
SEVEN THIRTY—DINNER'S ALL READY BUT POP IS PROBABLY DOWNTOWN GABBING WITH HIS CRONIES—I'M GOING T'TELL HIM OFF PROPER!



EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, I MUST PHONE MY DAUGHTER TO TELL HER THAT I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE FOR DINNER!



SO, IT'S YOU—DO YOU KNOW I'VE HAD DINNER WAITING FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES?



ER, EXCUSE ME, GENTS—I'M AFRAID I MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!



...IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO COOK DINNER AND YOU DON'T EVEN—

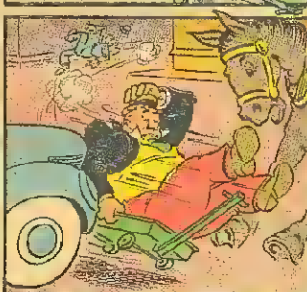
TSK TSK—I NEVER KNEW MOLLY COULD GET SO...



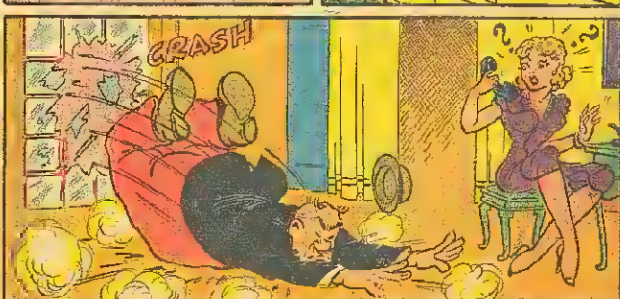
ANGRY—OOPS!

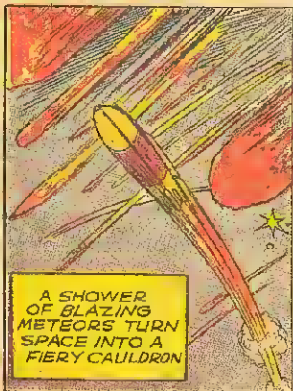
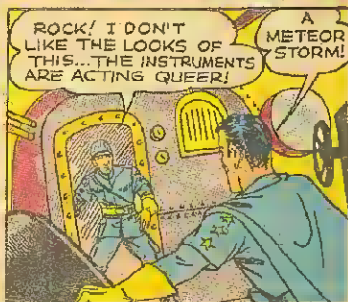
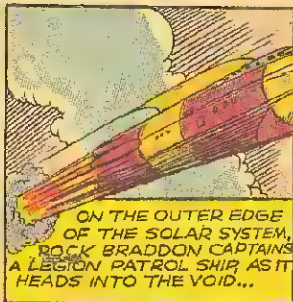
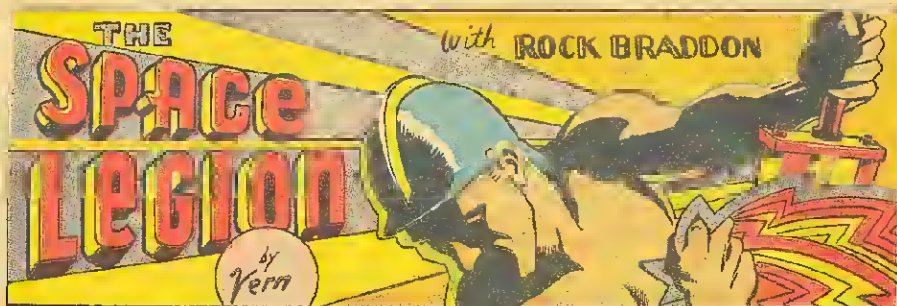


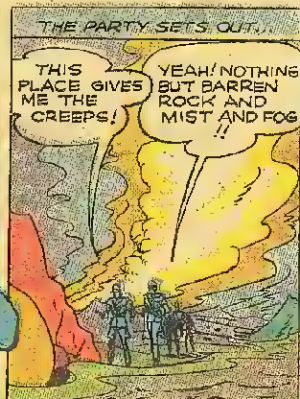
OH DEAR...



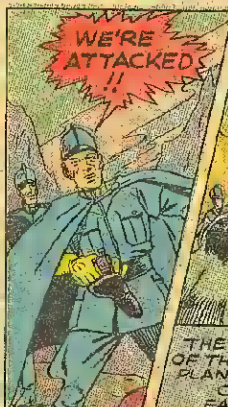
...AND I'M SICK OF COOKING MEALS THAT YOU DON'T SHOW UP TO EAT—NOW, YOU'D BETTER GET RIGHT HOME, OR I'LL...



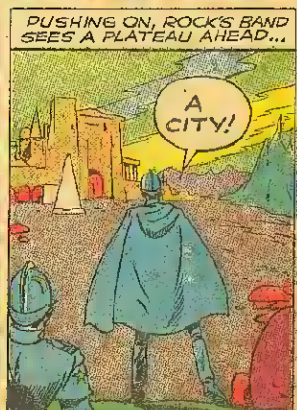




SUDDENLY A HORRIBLE SHRIEK ECHOES THROUGH THE DESOLATE VALLEY!



THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS THEY HAD APPEARED, THE ATTACKERS FADE INTO THE JAGGED ROCKS!



WE'VE GOT TO
MAKE FRIENDS
WITH THE PEOPLE
OF THIS
PLANET--
FOLLOW ME!



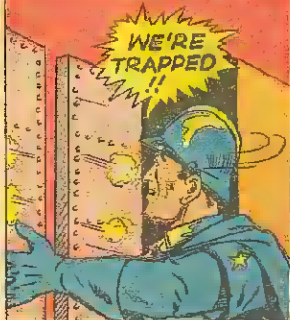
THE CITY IS IN
RUINS.. AND
QUIET AS A
TOMB!



OH..OH! A
BLANK WALL..
WE'LL HAVE TO
TURN BACK!



THEN SILENTLY, A HUGE
GATE SWINGS SHUT,
CUTTING OFF THEIR ESCAPE



QUICKLY A SCORE OF
ARMED MEN APPEAR ON
THE WALLS...



WHAT'S
THIS?

QUICK, MEN!
RUSH
THOSE
WALLS!

THE WELL TRAINED MEN
OF THE LEGION FORM A
HUMAN LADDER AT THE
BASE OF THE WALL...



HANG
ON,
BOYS!

ROCK IS CATAPULTED TO THE
TOP, WHERE HE
SEIZES ONE OF THE GUARDS...



TELL YOUR
MEN TO HOLD
THEIR FIRE!

UGH..
YES..
YES..
LET ME
DOWN!

WE COME AS FRIENDS
..WHY DO YOU ATTACK
US?



BUT.. WHO
ARE YOU?
SURELY NOT
OF THIS
WORLD!

WE ARE FROM THE
PLANET EARTH...



OUR
BARRIER
SHALL BE
WITHDRAWN
...YOU WILL
COME WITH
US TO OUR
GREAT
HALL!

IN THE GREAT HALL...

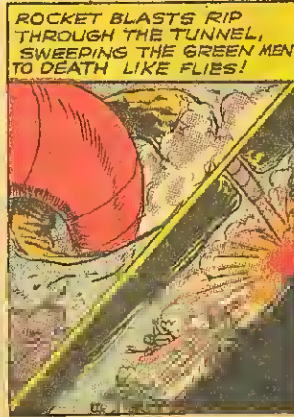
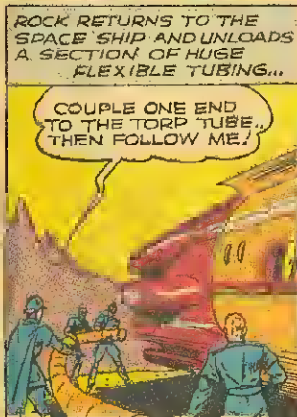
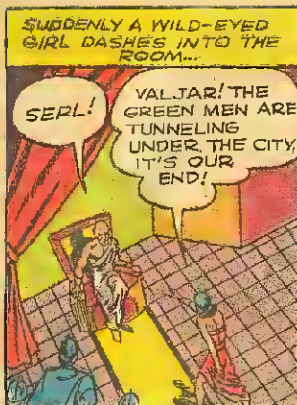


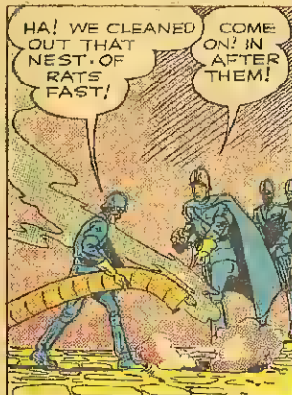
..OUR SHIP WAS
PULLED DOWN BY
STRONG FORCE...
AFTER BEATING OFF
AN ATTACK BY A
STRANGELY HIDEOUS
TRIBE WE CAME
HERE!

THE GREEN
MEN OF
HEMADES!

..THEY ARE A CRUEL
AND BARBARIC RACE
WHO HAVE LAID THIS
CITY TO WASTE...
KILLING MY PEOPLE,
UNTIL BUT A FEW
HUNDRED REMAIN..
WE ARE DOOMED TO
EXTINCTION!







HA! WE CLEANED
OUT THAT
NEST OF
RATS
FAST!

COME
ON! IN
AFTER
THEM!



WHEW! LET'S
GET OUT OF
HERE!



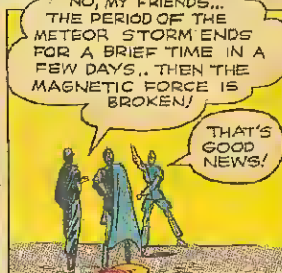
THE FEW INVADERS THAT
DO REACH THE PALACE ARE
QUICKLY SUBDUED BY
VALJAR'S SOLDIERS!



THAT EVENS UP THE
SCORE.. NOW MY PEOPLE
CAN AGAIN LIFT THEIR
HEADS TO A NEW GREAT-
NESS.. THANKS TO
YOU!



OUR WORK IS DONE HERE
NOW.. OUR ONLY REQUEST
WOULD BE TO HELP US
GET OFF THIS PLANET..
BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS,
WE ARE DOOMED TO
STAY HERE!



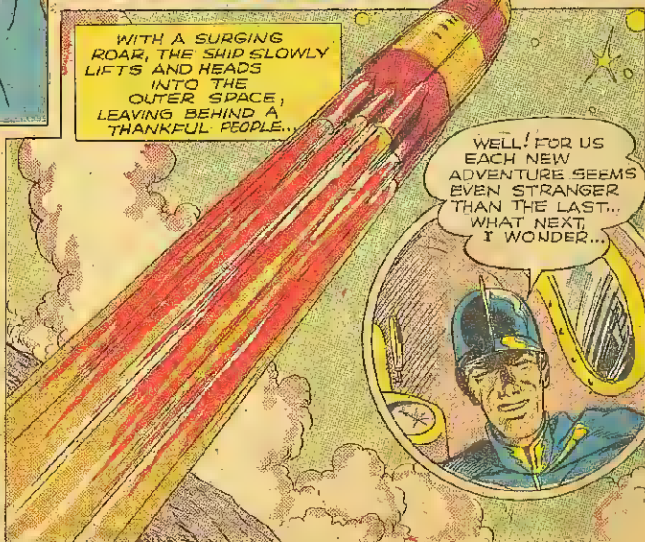
NO, MY FRIENDS...
THE PERIOD OF THE
METEOR STORM ENDS
FOR A BRIEF TIME IN A
FEW DAYS.. THEN THE
MAGNETIC FORCE IS
BROKEN!

THAT'S
GOOD
NEWS!



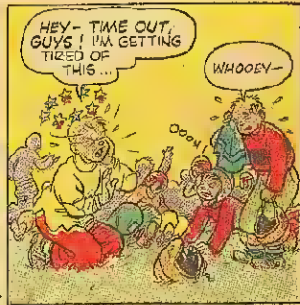
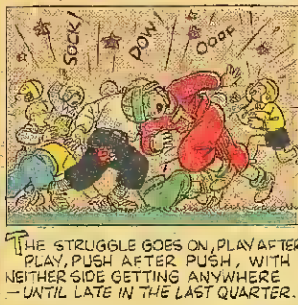
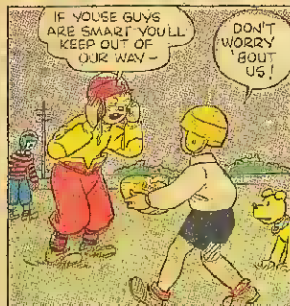
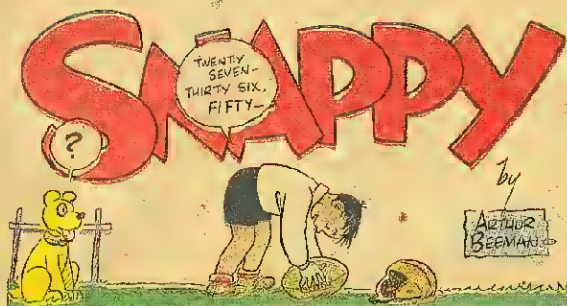
AT LAST THE REPAIRED
SHIP IS READY TO
LEAVE...

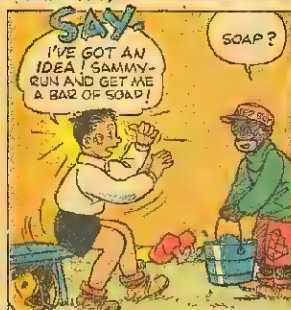
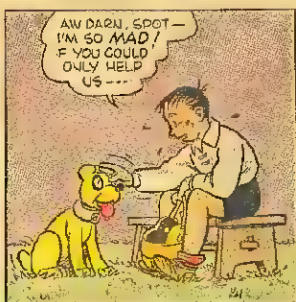
COME AGAIN,
O' MIGHTY
EARTHMEN!



WITH A SURGING
ROAR, THE SHIP SLOWLY
LIFTS AND HEADS
INTO THE
OUTER SPACE,
LEAVING BEHIND A
THANKFUL PEOPLE...

WELL! FOR US
EACH NEW
ADVENTURE SEEMS
EVEN STRANGER
THAN THE LAST..
WHAT NEXT,
I WONDER...





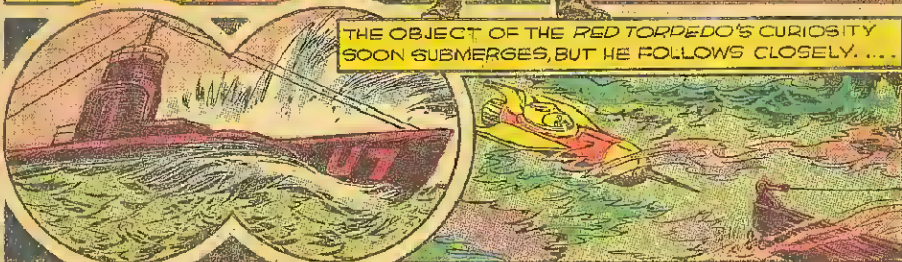
The RED TORPEDO

By
DREW
ALLEN

THAT'S A
SUSPICIOUS LOOK-
ING CRAFT... I'LL
JUST FOLLOW
IT!

AS CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. NAVY, THE RED TORPEDO, HAS INVENTED A NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT... MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE SAILS THE SEAS THE TERROR OF ALL MARITIME EVIL-DOERS... UNTIL HE BECOMES A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP.

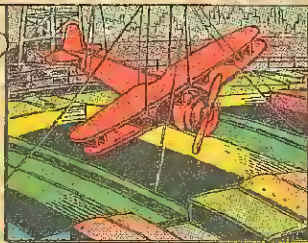
THE OBJECT OF THE RED TORPEDO'S CURIOSITY SOON SUBMERGES, BUT HE FOLLOWS CLOSELY. ...



THE CRAFT HAPPENS TO BE THE U7, CARRYING A NEW SECRET WEAPON OF A DICTATOR, SEEKING WORLD POWER.

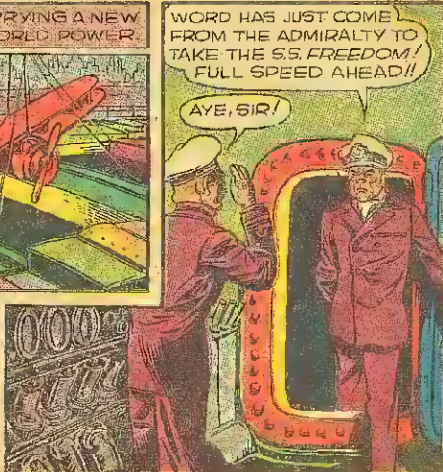
SEND WORD TO THE U7... THE AMERICAN S.S. FREEDOM CARRIES A CARGO OF NEW PLANES! I WANT THEM... INTACT!

YES, SIR!
I WILL CON-
TACT THE U7
AT ONCE!



WORD HAS JUST COME! FROM THE ADMIRALTY TO TAKE THE S.S. FREEDOM! FULL SPEED AHEAD!!

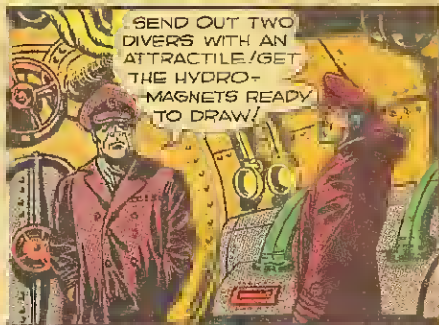
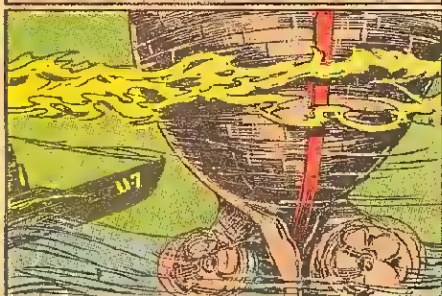
AYE, SIR!



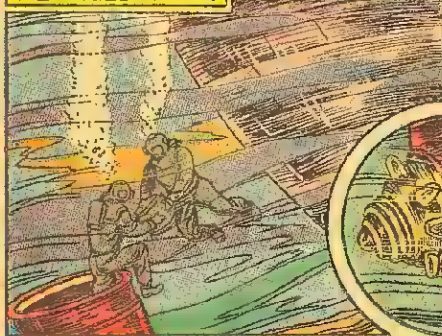
UNAWARE OF ITS PERIL, THE FREEDOM, ESCORTED BY A DESTROYER, SAILS ON.....



BUT THE SUBMARINE IS APPROACHING...

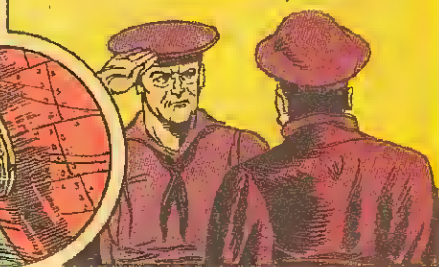


DIVERS FROM THE U7 ATTACH A MAGNETIC ATTRACTILE TO THE HULL OF THE FREEDOM....



CAPTAIN, THE
ATTRACTILE IS
IN PLACE!

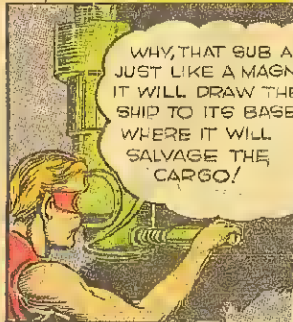
GOOD! GET THE MEN
INTO CIVILIAN
CLOTHES AND START
THE MAGNETIC
CURRENT!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THOSE ON THE DESTROYER, THE FREEDOM BEGINS TO BUCK AND PLUNGE LIKE A GREAT FISH HOOKED ON A GIGANTIC TACKLE....



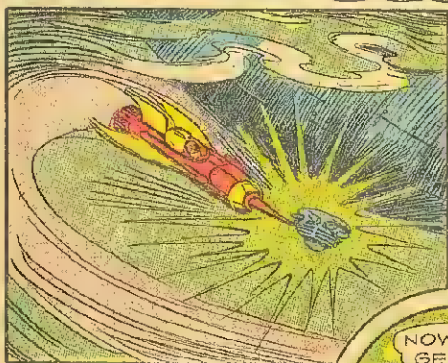
THE RED TORPEDO SEES ALL



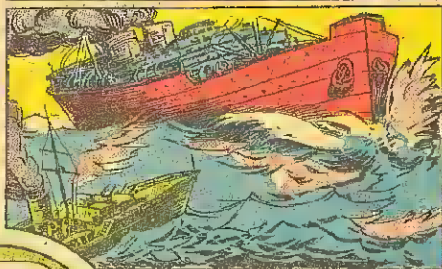
WHY, THAT SUB ACTS
JUST LIKE A MAGNET!
IT WILL DRAW THE
SHIP TO ITS BASE
WHERE IT WILL
SALVAGE THE
CARGO!



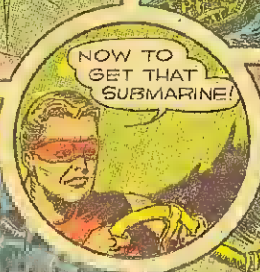
I'VE GOT TO
KNOCK THAT THING
OFF THE FREEDOM'S
HULL!



FREED OF THE MAGNETIC PULL FROM
THE SUB, THE SHIP RIGHTS ITSELF.

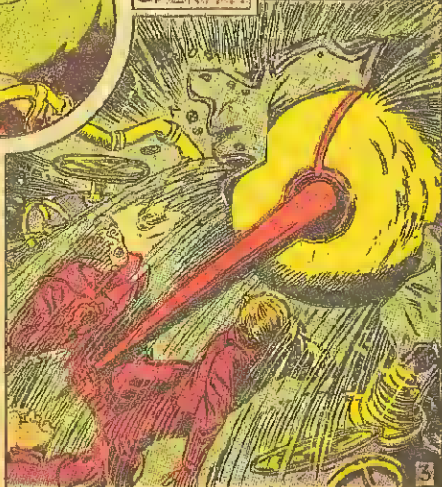


THE RECOIL FROM THE BROKEN
CURRENT FLINGS THE SUB
OUT OF ALL CONTROL...

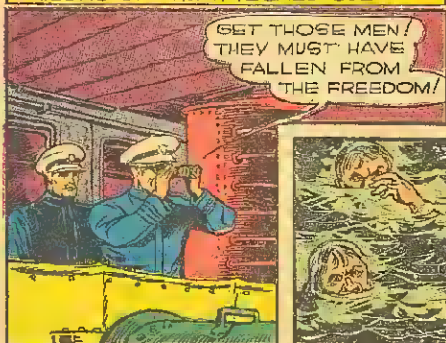


NOW TO
GET THAT
SUBMARINE!

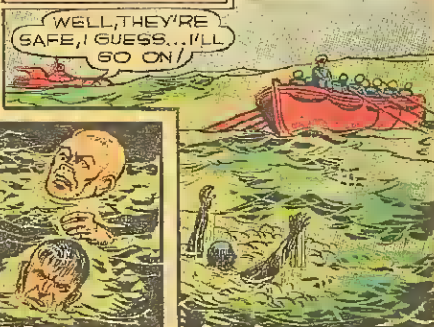
THE RED TORPEDO'S CHARGE
SPLITS THE U-BOAT WIDE
OPEN.



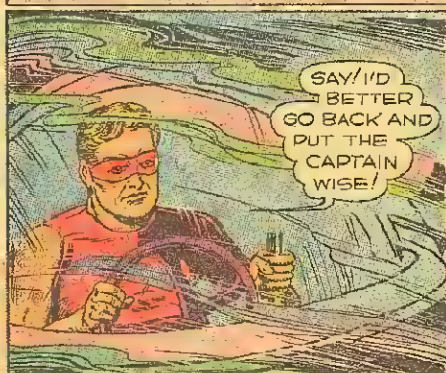
THE DESTROYER'S CAPTAIN SEES THE SAILORS OF THE WRECKED SUB...



NOT SUSPECTING THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THESE MEN, THE DESTROYER TAKES THEM ABOARD...



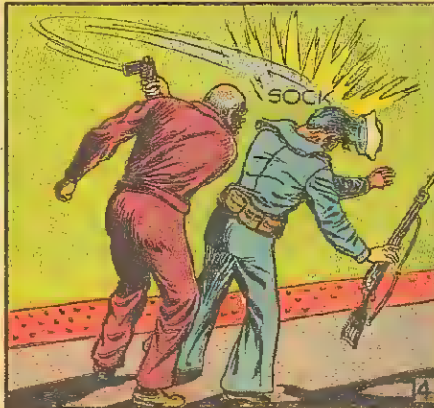
SUDDENLY THE RED TORPEDO REALIZES THE RISK RUN BY THE DESTROYER

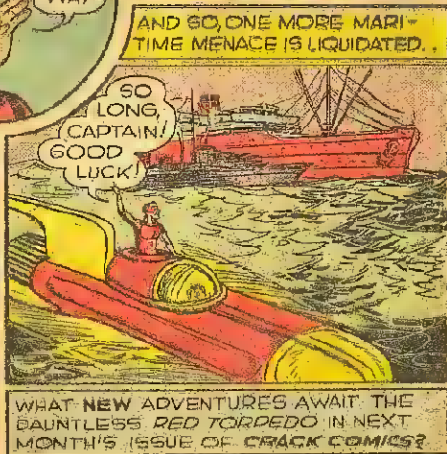
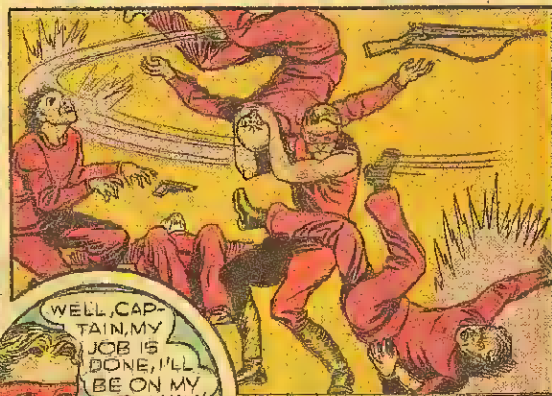
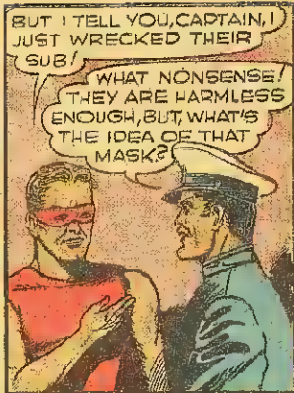


MEANWHILE THE SUB'S MEN ARE WELCOMED ABOARD THE DESTROYER...



AND THIS IS HOW THE RESCUED MEN SHOW THEIR GRATITUDE....



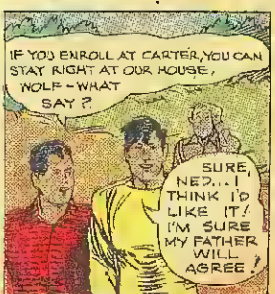
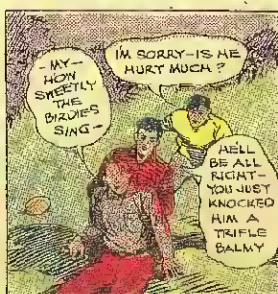
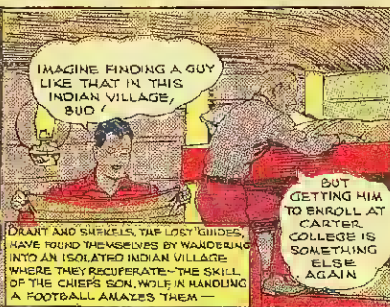


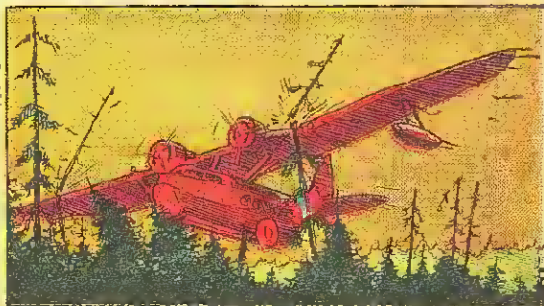
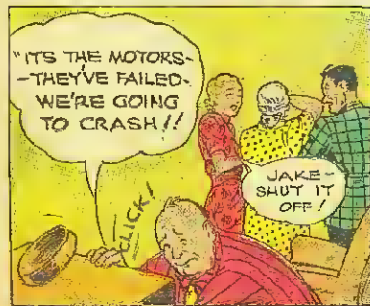
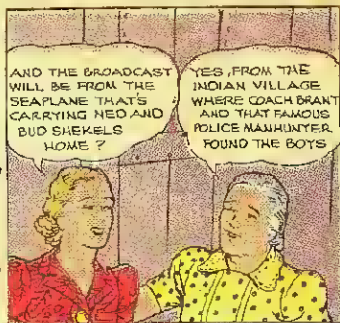
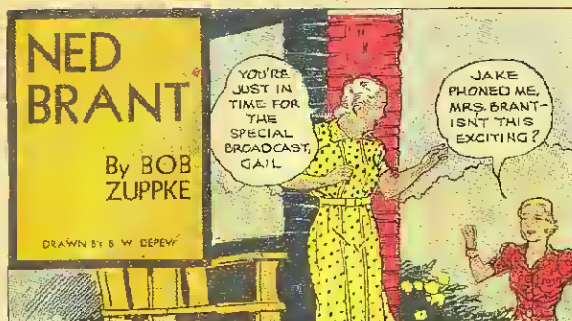
Follow the daring deeds of The Red Torpedo in the November issue.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DSEW





By BOB
ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY S W DEPEW

THAT'S WHAT
I SAY - I'LL BET
YOUR HEAD WILL
THROB FOR
MONTHS!

BACK HOME
AFTER A
MIRACULOUS
PLANE CRASH
ESCAPE,
NEO BRANT AND
DUO SHEKELS
ARE INVOLVED
IN A DIFFERENT
AND LESS
SINISTER
SITUATION—

NOW, IF
OUR FRIEND
WILL JUST PUT
IT ON THE
AIR FOR
US -

IT'S A CINCH—ONE
WORD FROM ME AND
THEY'D EVEN LET US
HICCOUGH FROM
COAST TO COAST

RADIO
STATION
KZT

JAKE, IF YOU DROP
THAT RECORD
AGAIN, I'LL NUMB
YOU!

IT CAN'T
BREAK OR
CRACK, BUT
— I PUT
PLENTY OF
PAPER
AROUND
IT /

WELL, NED BRANT AND BOO SHERKES,
THE LOST COLLEGIANS! AND
YOU, JAKE - HOW
ARE YOU?

GREAT,
THANKS-AM
ALL PRIMED
ASK A BIG
FAVOR

YOU SEE, EVERYONE
ASKS US TO TELL
OUR STORY—

THEY WANT TO
KNOW ALL ABOUT
HOW WE WERE
FOUND AT THE
INDIAN
VILLAGE -

AND HOW
THE PLANE
CRASHED ON
THE WAY HOME
WITHOUT ANY
ONE GETTING
EVEN A

OF COURSE I'LL DO IT! I THINK
IT'S SOMETHING OF A
RADIO SCOOP FOR
US!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO
SIT HERE AND
HEAR YOUR
OWN VOICES?

WELL, OKAY--
BUT I'D RATHER
BE OUT WHERE
I COULD HEAR
THE CHEERING

"WE THOUGHT
OUR CHANCES
WERE AS SLIM
AS A SLICE
OF BALONEY."

THAT IS I TALKING,
MEN—WHAT A
RADIO VOICE—
WHAT A RADIO
VOICE!

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID
THAT RECORD
WOULDN'T
CRACK OR
BREAK!

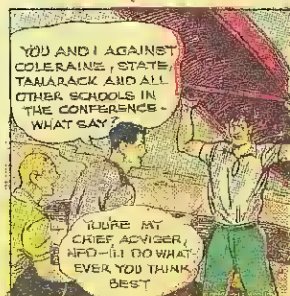
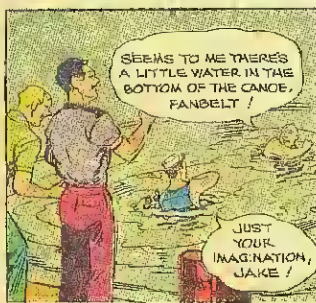
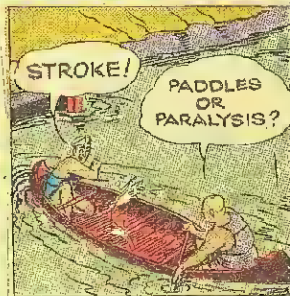
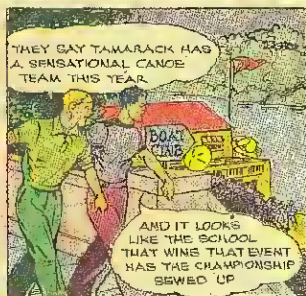
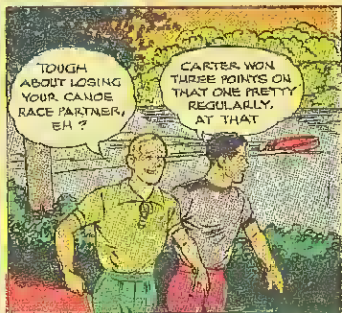
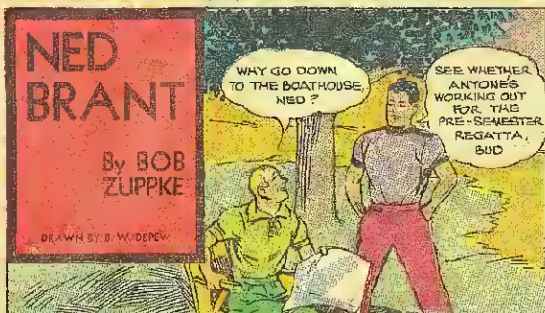
**SOMETHING'S
WRONG!**

RIGHT,
AND ITS
TRANSON YOU!

BALONEY-BALONEY-
BALONEY-BALONEY-BALONEY-
BALONEY-
BALONEY-

MEANWHILE
AT THE
CHOCOLATE SHOP.

COME ON,
GANG-LET'S
GIVE A ROUSING
SKYROCKET FOR
NED BRANT,
BUD SHEKELS,
CARTER COLLEGE
AND LAST BUT
NOT LEAST-
BALONEY!



Ned Brant is continued in the November issue—on sale October 2nd.

Lee Preston

OF THE RED CROSS

BY
TERRENCE
MACAULLY



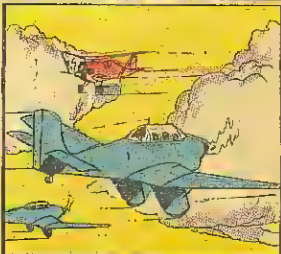
THE RUTHLESS SHADOW OF WAR
DARKENS THE PEACEFUL DEMOC-
RACIES OF EUROPE...



RUSHING MEDICAL AID TO
THE FRONT IS THE GALLANT
RED CROSS NURSE
LEE PRESTON...



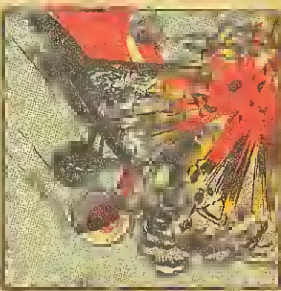
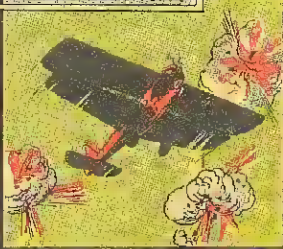
EVEN ENEMY PLANES RESPECT
THE PURPOSE OF HER FLIGHT.



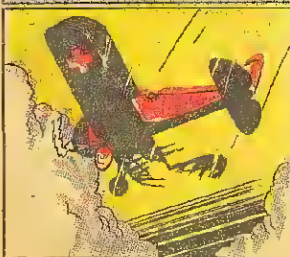
BUT BELOW ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
ARE NOT SO
CAREFUL...



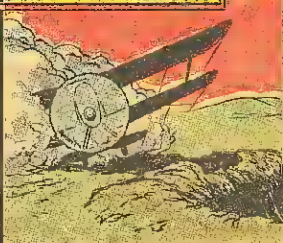
LEE'S PLANE IS RIDDLED WITH
SPITTING BULLETS...



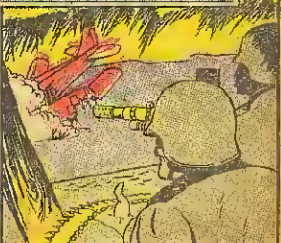
IT STAGGERS DIZZILY THROUGH
AN ENVELOPING CLOUD BANK...

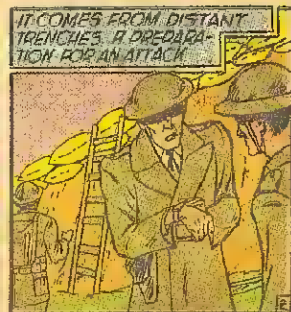
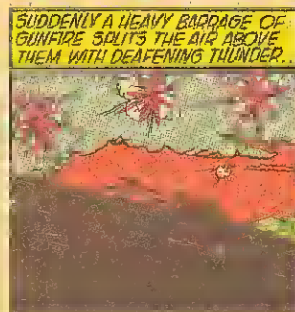
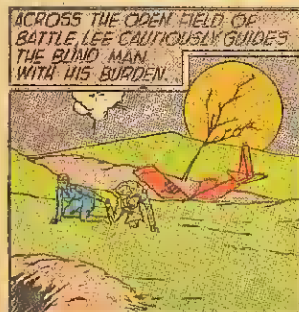
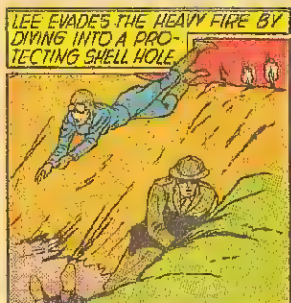
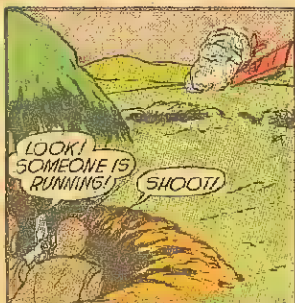
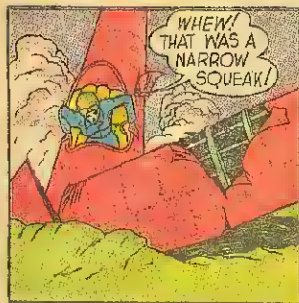


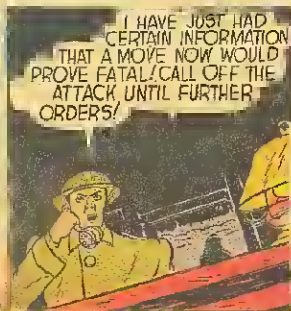
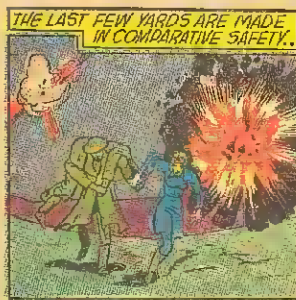
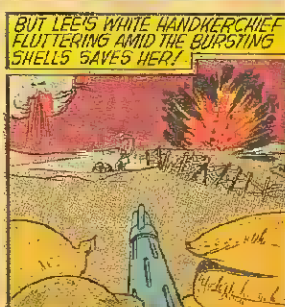
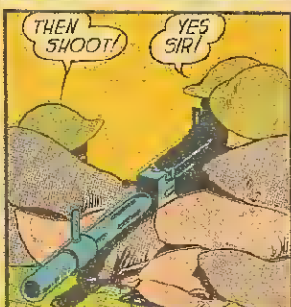
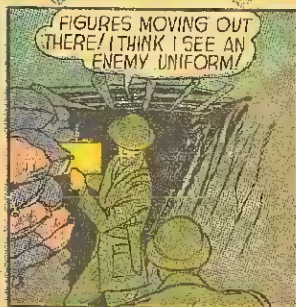
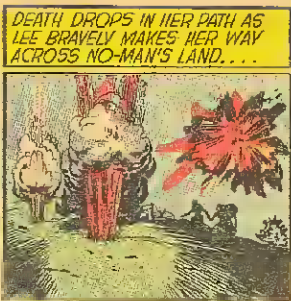
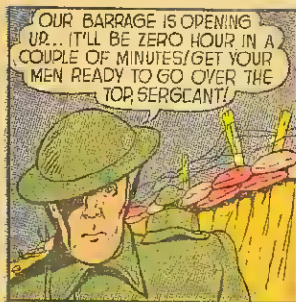
DESPERATELY LEE STRAIGHTENS
HER CRIPPLED SHIP AND "PAN-
CAKES" TO A LANDING...



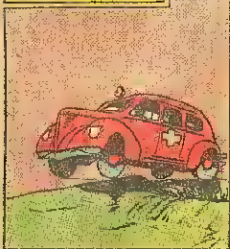
THE ENEMY WAITS FOR SIGNS
OF LIFE AS THE RUBBAGE
BURSTS INTO FLAMES







LEE HOPS TO THE WHEEL
AND SPEEDS ACROSS THE
BARREN FRONT...



AT AN
ENEMY
FIELD
STATION...



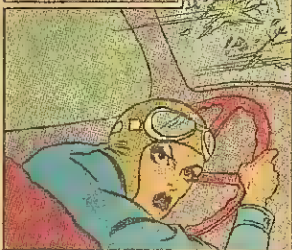
TWO HELMETED FIGURES
WATCH THE PROGRESS OF
THE CAR BUMPING OVER
THE ROUGH TERRAIN...



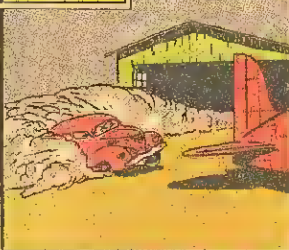
LEE SKIDS BETWEEN THE
BULLETS, AND VEERS DANGEROUSLY
TOWARD THE Gaping
SHELL HOLES...



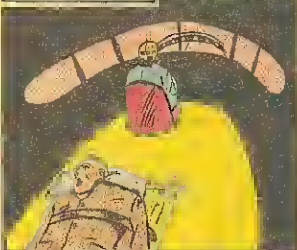
SEVERAL TIMES SHE BARELY
ESCAPES DEATH...



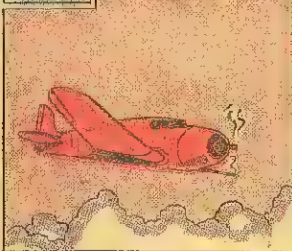
AT LAST SHE STEAMS INTO THE
AIRPORT...



HER MEN ARE PLACED SAFELY
IN A PLANE...



RIISING SMOOTHLY ABOVE THE
CLOUDS, SHE HEADS FOR HER
GOAL...



A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS HER SHIP...



WHAT A PILOT!... OUT
OF A FOG TO A THREE-
POINT LANDING
ON A STREET!



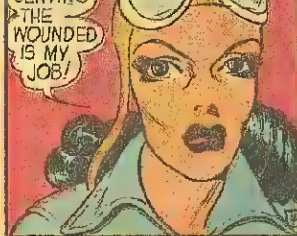
THE WOUNDED MEN ARE HURRIED
TO THE BASE HOSPITAL
IMMEDIATELY.

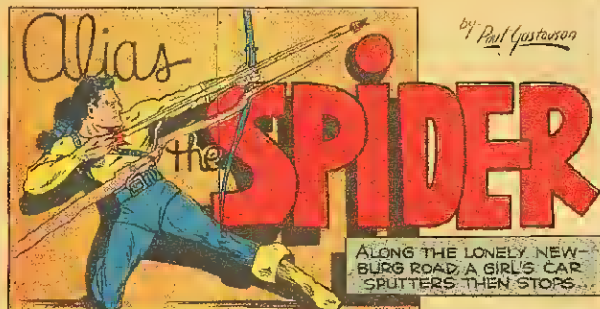


WE'RE PROUD OF YOU!
YOU'VE DONE WELL,
MISS PRESTON!

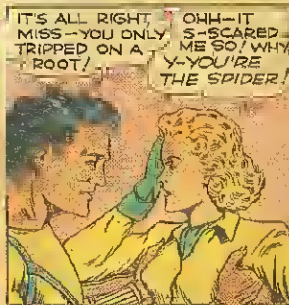
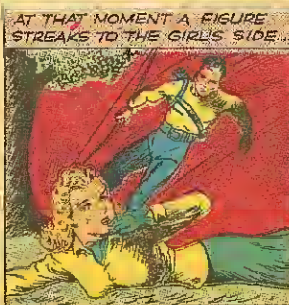
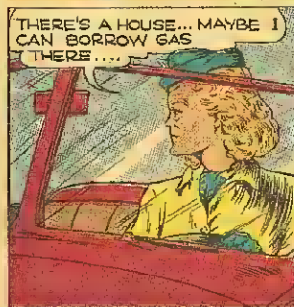


THANK YOU,
SIR, BUT
SERVING
THE
WOUNDED
IS MY
JOB!

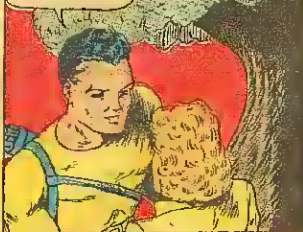




OF ALL PLACES TO RUN OUT OF GAS... AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE AT ELSIE'S PLACE IN HALF AN HOUR!



YES! I'M THE SPIDER! I HAD
HEARD OF THIS HAUNTED
HOUSE AND I WANTED
TO LOOK IT OVER
MYSELF....



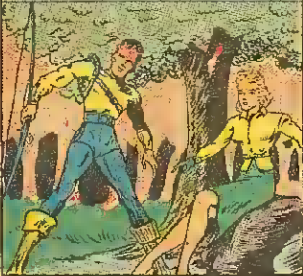
DID YOU SEE THAT GHOST-
LIKE FORM THAT CAME
NEAR ME?



YES, QUEER LOOKING, AND
SHAPELESS, WASN'T IT?
SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN
KILLED HERE... MAYBE
THERE'S SOMETHING
TO IT!

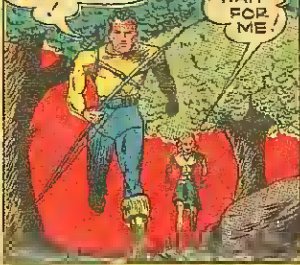


SUDDENLY A SHRILL SCREAM
FOR HELP RENTS THE AIR



WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S DOING
MORE FIENDISH
MARAUDING

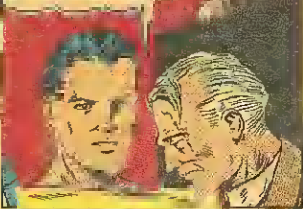
WAIT
FOR
ME!



W-WHY! THAT'S SHERIFF
MASON FROM
NEWBURG!



T-THAT AWFUL THING JUST
ENGULFED ME AND CUT ME
UP BEFORE I COULD GET MY
HANDS ON A SOLID
PART OF IT!
IT'S WEIRD....



H-HE'S
DEAD!

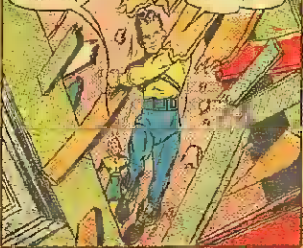


WHEN ANY "GHOST" CAN KILL
A MAN LIKE THAT, IT'S
MIGHTY LIFE-LIKE! GET
BACK TO YOUR CAR—I'M
GOING IN THAT HOUSE
AND FIND OUT WHAT
MAKES THIS
"GHOST" CLICK!



I-ILL DIE OF
FRIGHT
OUT
HERE!

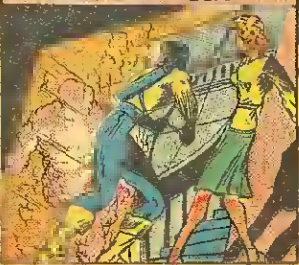
OKAY, THEN
COME ALONG!
STAY CLOSE
TO ME....

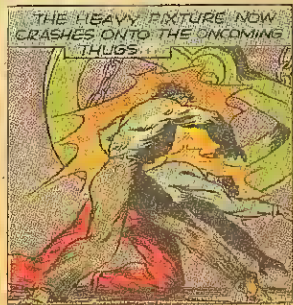
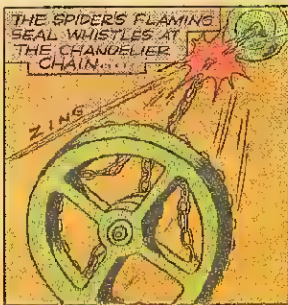
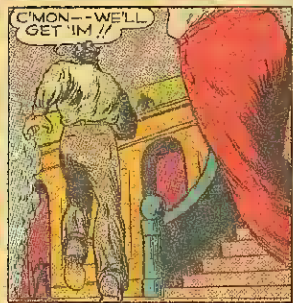
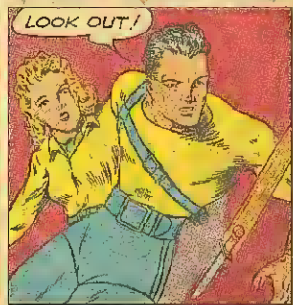
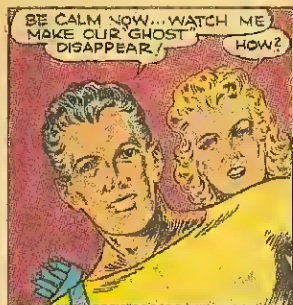


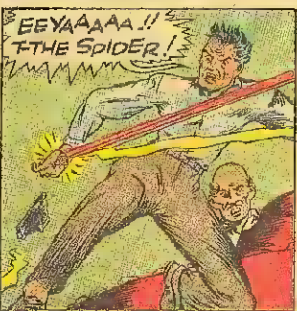
HMM... IT'S WARM AND
COMFORTABLE IN HERE!
I THINK THESE ARE VERY
REAL GHOSTS!

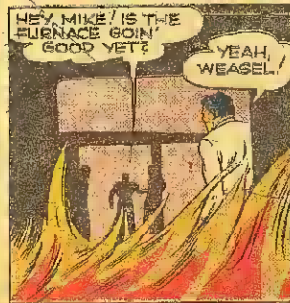
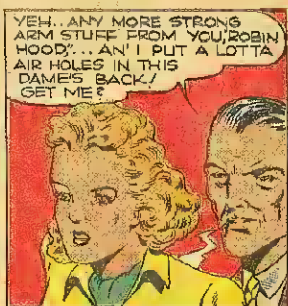


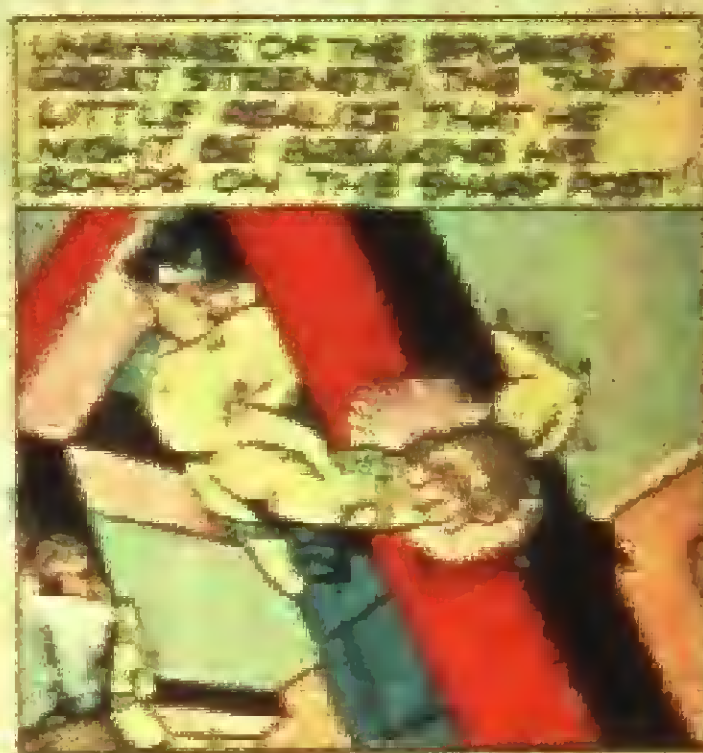
THEN... THE MISTY SHAPELESS
FORM SEEMS TO ISSUE RIGHT
FROM THE FLOOR....



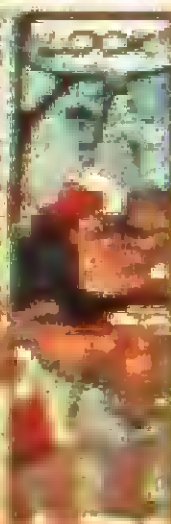
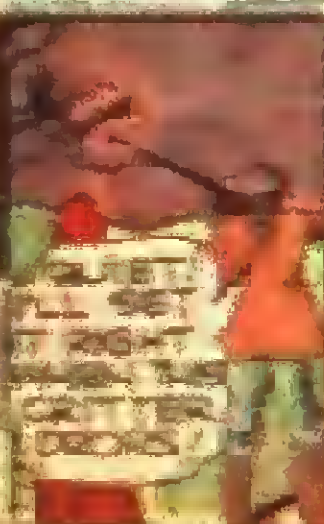
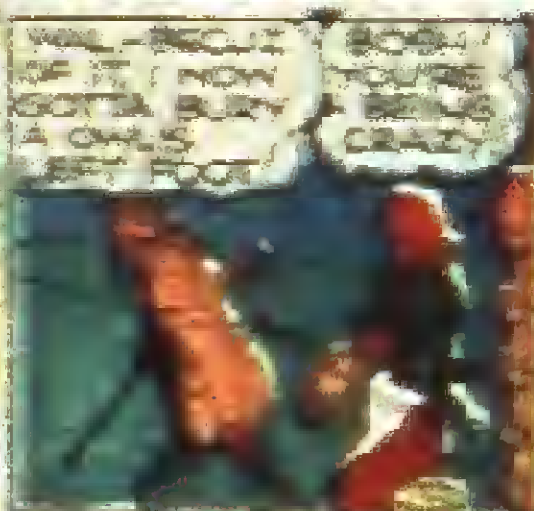
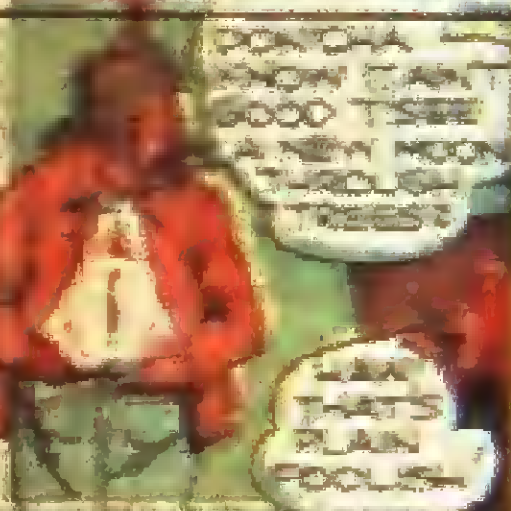
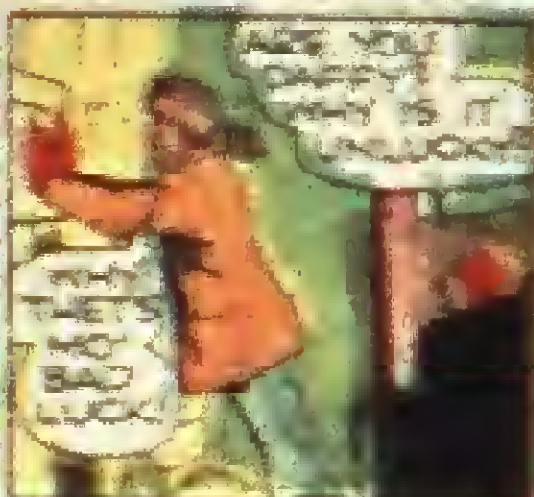
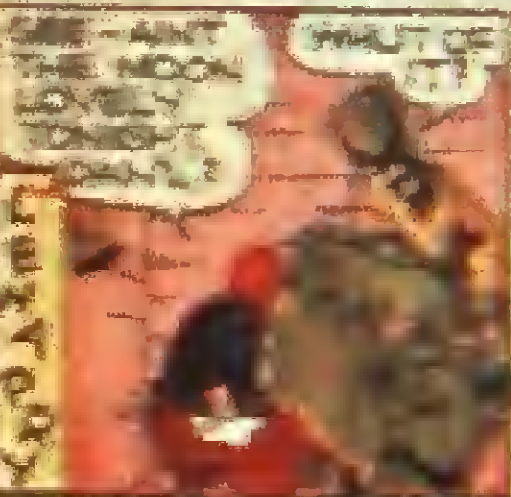
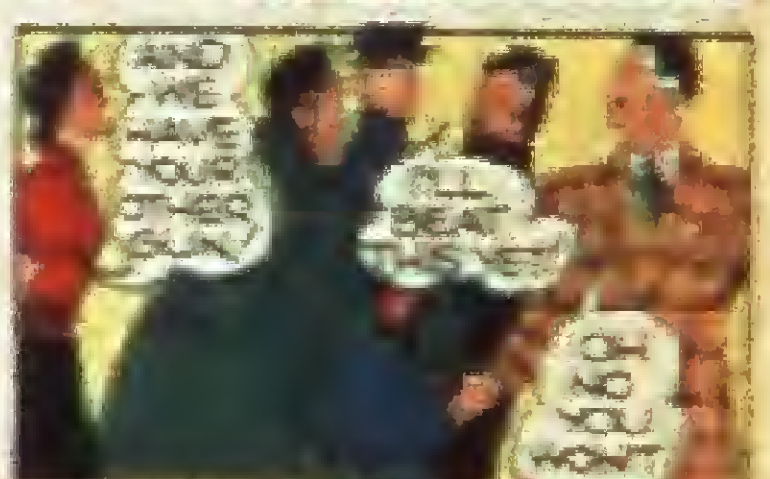
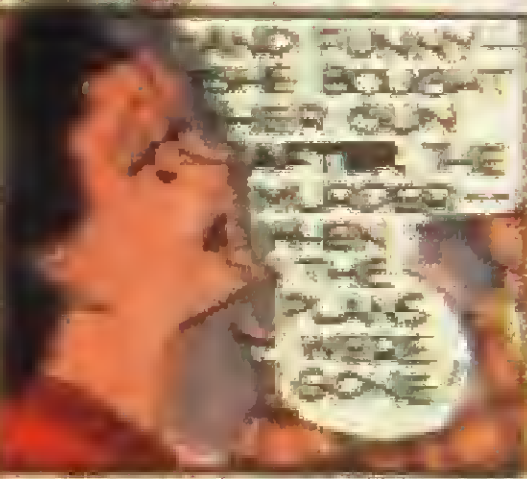
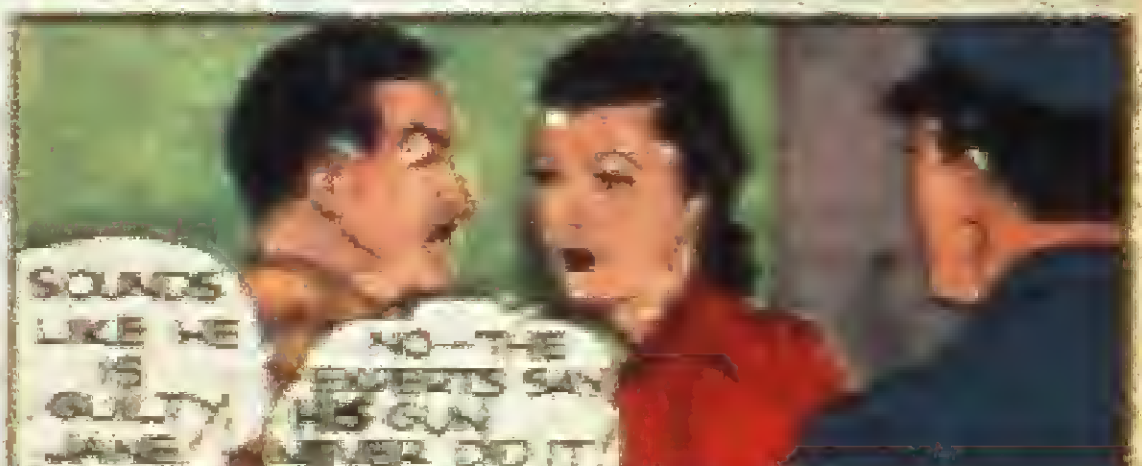
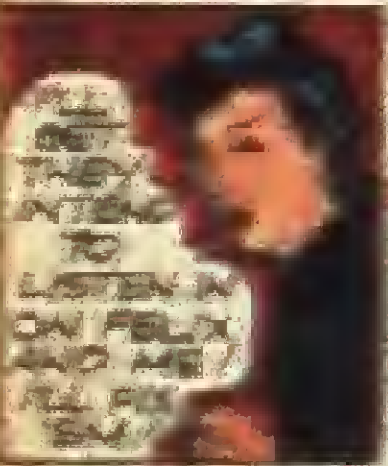
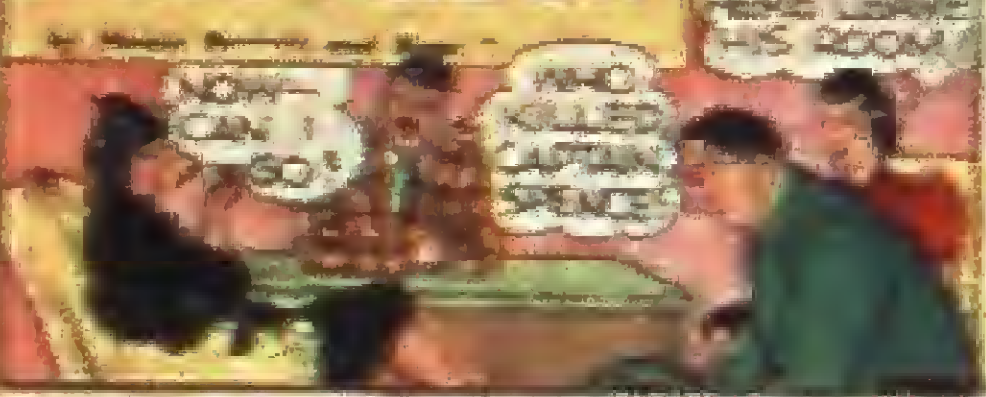








JANE ARDEN



JANE ARDEN

JANE THAT
PALCE RUZZE
STY- STORY WAS
SHYLL- NEW
WANT A STON
ON A BOA
GALL'S
WEDDING

OKAY
ED

IS HE
LOVING
FOR
THE
MONEY

MAYBE
LOVES
YOU
YOU
REPORT-
ERS
STAY BACK
HERE
BUT
SCOTIA
SLOOT
PICTURES

AND
WHAT
VIEW
COORANE
EARLY

POOR COORANE
LOOK
A
GIRL
LIKE
GRACE

HURRY
DEAD
COORANE
IS
WAITING
FOR
YOU
COORANE
EARLY
WAITING
FOR
ME
WHAT
IS
THIS

GRACE
SO
ON
TO
THE
HOSPITAL
AND
LEAVE
ME
WHAT
COORANE

WELL
WHAT
FOR
ONE
TO
THINK
ONE
OF
MY
BRIDES
MADE
TAKE
TO
THE
HOSPITAL
BUT
WE
HAVE
ANOTHER

SEE
SHE
CAN
NEAR
GRACE
DRESS
TOO
BUT
DON'T
KNOW
HER
SO
WHAT'S
SHELL
SAVE
THE
WEDDING

OH
DON'T
LIKE
YOUR
TALK
ABOUT
BAD
LUCK
CHILLS
ME
BUT

SURE
EVEN
I
DON'T
BELIEVE
IN
IT
THAT'S
BECAUSE
POSSIBLE
WALK
OVER
GRIVE

YOU
AINT
DEAD
JUST
NOW
BUT
WAIT
HOW
CAN
I
HAVE
ANY
GRAVES
IN
NOT
EVEN
DEAD

WHAT
THAT'S
AWFUL
TO
SAY
SURE
SOME
FOLKS
LIVE
SEVERAL
DAYS
AND
POSSIBLE
KEEP
WAITING

IS
UNCLE
IKE
MOVED
TWO
MILES
AND
STARTED
WALKING
YOU
CAN
CALL
IT
WHAT

I
DON'T
BELIEVE
ONE
WALK
OR
IT
TAKES
JUST
LIFE
COME
I
WILL
FIX
IT
FOR
YOU





1. **PROVIDE**
 2. **FOR**
 3. **THE**
 4. **NEEDS**
 5. **OF**
 6. **THE**
 7. **COMMUNITY**
 8. **AND**
 9. **THE**
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 92. **AND**
 93. **THE**
 94. **WORLD**
 95. **AND**
 96. **THE**
 97. **WORLD**
 98. **AND**
 99. **THE**
 100. **WORLD**


BUT
NOT GE
ONE OF
YOUR
OTHER
FRIENDS

THE DO
ATE AND
YOUR
OWN

ON DECEMBER
FOUR AND FIVE
1995 IS JUST FOR




IT SAVES
TIME
FOR YOU —



COULD BE
LIFE AND
SENSE

**THE LATEST
NEW RECORDS
AND THE BEST
OF THE
PAST**

THE
BIRMINGHAM
GRACE
TEMPLE
IS VERY
FINE



**HAVE
A
FEEL-
GOOD
DAY**



...SOME OF THE



YEP! I GOT
TILKE MY
MAN AFTER
WE WERE
MARRIED
THAT WAY

上卷

THE
LORD
OF
THE
RINGS



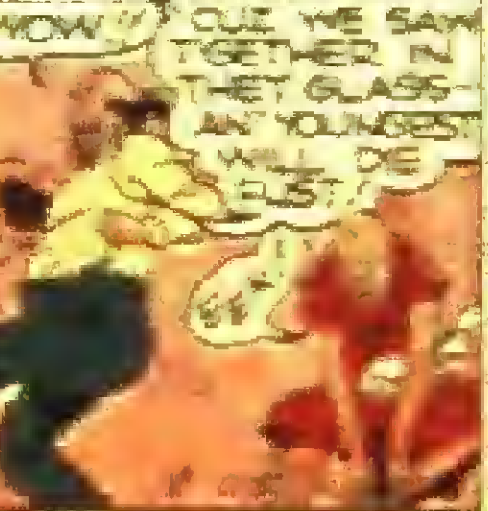
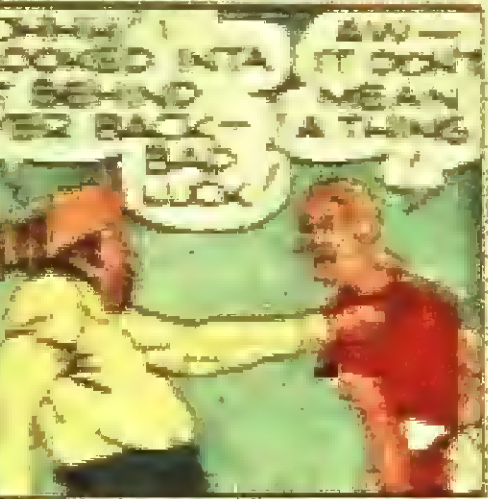
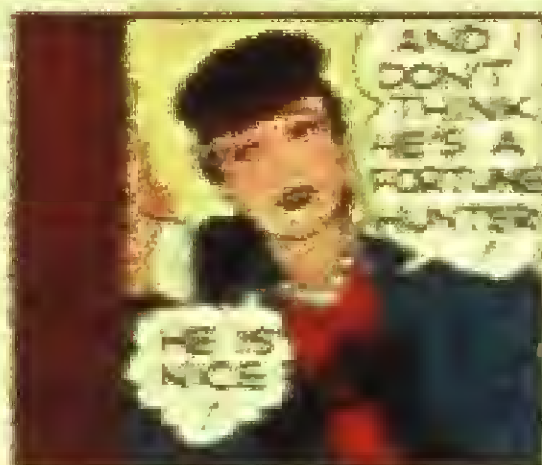
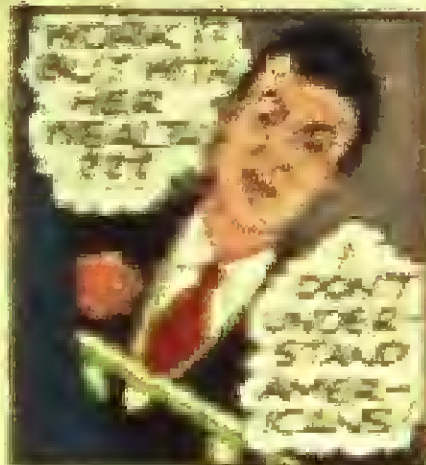
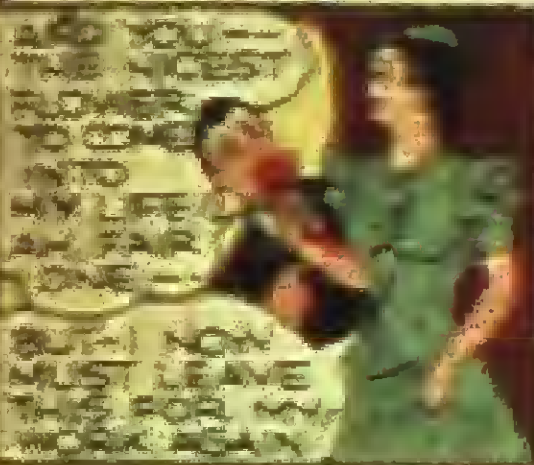
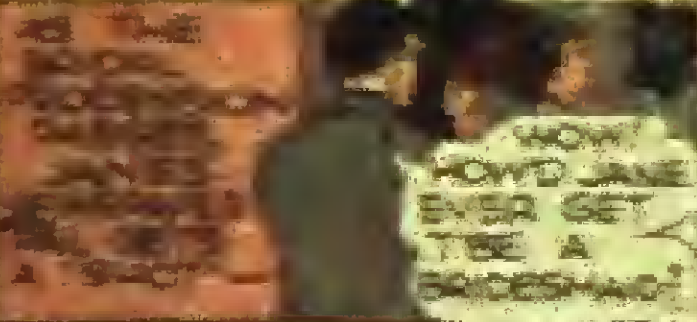
WILEY: YOU AIN'T
HINT SPOSED TO
ALLS KNOW WHAT
YEA? THINK OF
MYSELF

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



JANE ARDEN


By Victor Klemm and Bill E. Rose



SIDE SHOW

WHAT NOT TO DO IN POLITE SOCIETY...
RULE NO. 2751

DON'T WEAR A LOOSE TIE THAT COMES OFF WHEN YOU RAISE YOUR HAT!




OUR LATEST INVENTION...
OR A HANDY STAMP STICKER

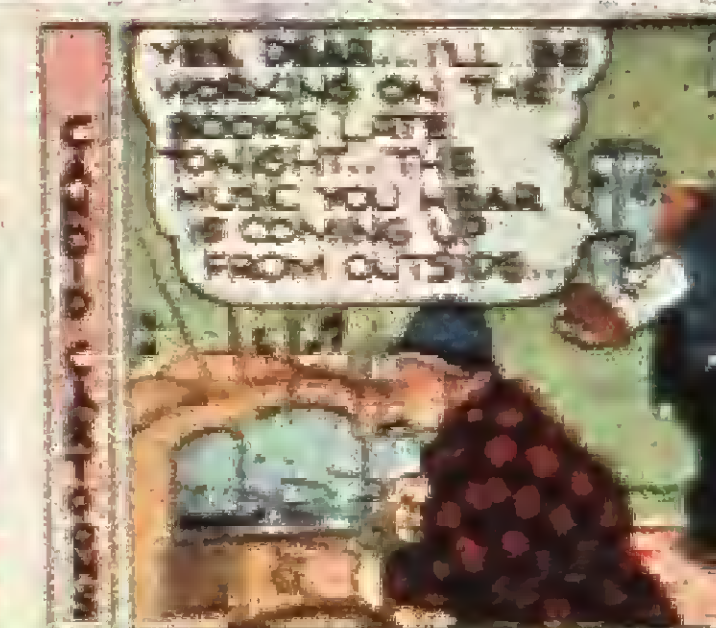
WHEN YOU STAMP CANDLE 'C' BURNS STRONG 'B'... RELEASING BENEDICTIN 'C' WHICH CAUSES HOT SPONGES 'D' TO MOISTEN STAMP 'E'... SPONGE BRINGS TO LEVER 'F' WHICH STRIKE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SAYS ALL OUT! MOISTEN LETS GO OF STRAP 'H' SPONGE 'I' THROWS ARM 'J' BACKWARD... AND MOST STAMP IS SLIPPED ONTO ENVELOPE 'K'...



IF YOU STAMP MASTER HERE IS SON TALKING TO LITTLE BUTCH



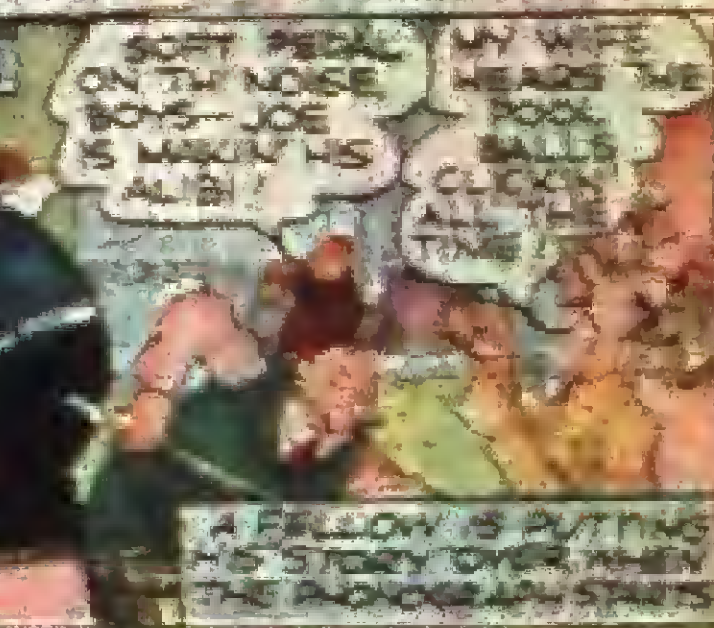
YES, DEAR... I'LL BE WORKING ON THE BOOKS LATE TONIGHT... THE MUSIC YOU HEAR IS COMING UP FROM OUTSIDE...



SOFT PEDAL ON TV NOISE BOYS—JOE IS MAKING HIS ALIBI!

MY WIFE HEARS ME POOL BALLS CLICKING ALL THE TIME

A FELLOW IS PUTTING HIS STORY OVER WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPH STARTS



CONVERTED BRIDGE



SAY, IKE... IS THAT FUNNY LOOKIN' DAME YOUR GIRL?

NO, SHE'S ALWAYS SITTING IN MY CAR WHEN I TAKE IT OUT OF THE GARAGE



GIVE ME TIME I'LL GET THIS BRIDGE TABLE FOLDED UP!

BLAME IT ON WILSON



ANNABELLE SUSAN AMMONIA TOPPING TAKES NO TIME AT ALL TO DO ALL HER SHOPPING...



WHILE HARRIET BRINGS SPENDS HER DAYS IN THE STORES... FUSING AROUND ON VICIOUS FLAMES...

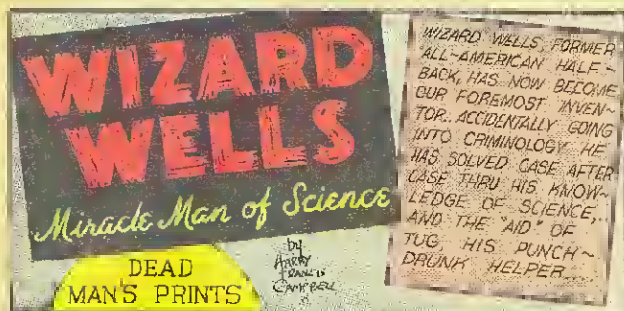


BUT HONEST TO GODDAMN IT TAKES LONGER BOYS TO BRING ALL THE TIME ANNABELLE BRINGS...

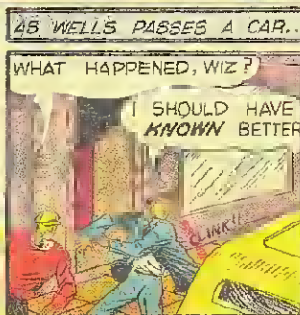
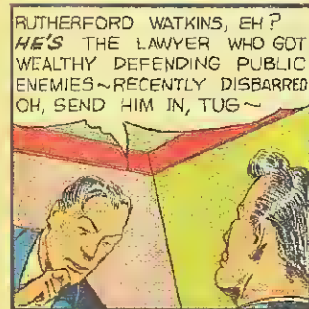
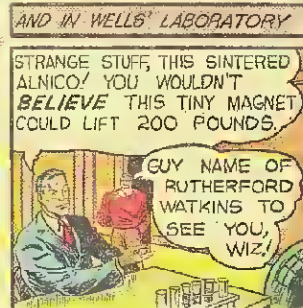


WHILE THE CONSTANT BLUES HARRIET BRINGS BUYS NOTHING AT ALL BUT RIDERS OF PINE!





WIZARD WELLS, FORMER ALL-AMERICAN HALF-BACK, HAS NOW BECOME OUR FOREMOST INVENTOR... ACCIDENTALLY GOING INTO CRIMINOLOGY, HE HAS SOLVED CASE AFTER CASE THRU HIS KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE... AND THE "AID" OF TUG, HIS PUNCH-DRUNK HELPER.



YOUR CONTROL FOR THE ALARM SYSTEM IS BEHIND THIS PANEL, WATKINS!

I'M GLAD IT'S FINISHED. YOU SEE, I JUST GOT THIS, WELLS!

TWO DAYS LATER THE ALARM SYSTEM IS INSTALLED

A SECOND KIDNAP THREAT? IT SEEMS AS IF THEY MEAN BUSINESS!

SEEMS? I'M SURE OF IT!

MIND IF I TAKE THIS NOTE AND HAVE IT CHECKED FOR FINGERPRINTS?

I WISH YOU WOULD!

THE FINGERPRINTS TURN OUT TO BE THOSE OF MANNY AND SADIE ROE ~ THE DEAD CRIMINALS !!

THIS NOTE HAS A STRANGE ODOR...TANNIC ACID! I WONDER ~ ??

SMELL!

THE LIBRARY OF A NEWSPAPER

MY MEMORY WASN'T PLAYING TRICKS! HERE'S THE CLIPPING.

NEXT DAY, IN A NEARBY TOWN

THIS IS THE PLACE!

OF COURSE I REMEMBER THE JOB, MR. WELLS! THIS SNIKTAW, AS HE CALLED HIMSELF, WAS ABOUT 45, BALD, 5 FEET 9 AND WEIGHED ABOUT 170 POUNDS!

IT ALL FITS! THANKS!

WATKINS, DID YOU EVER KNOW MANNY AND SADIE ROE?

NO~WHY DO YOU ASK?

LATER...

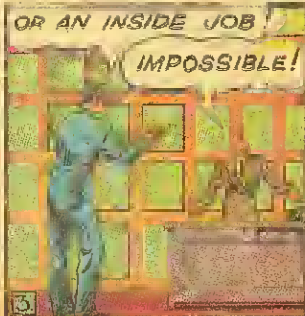
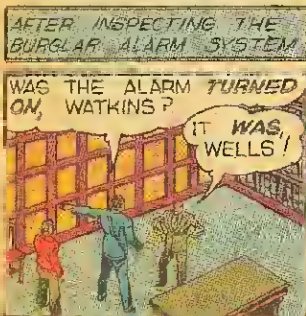
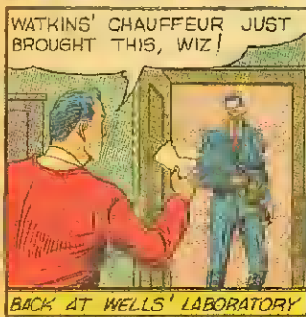
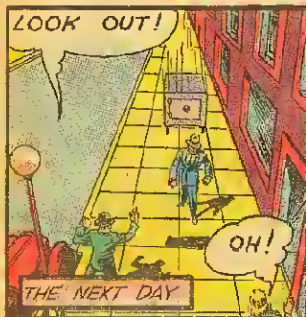
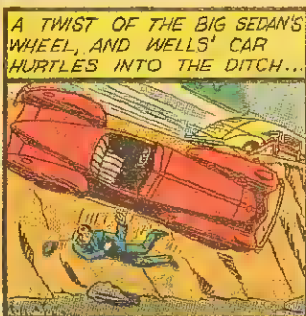
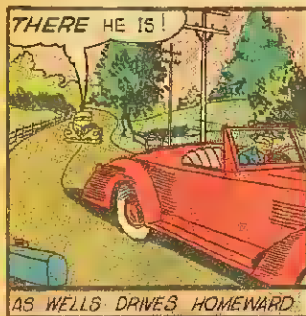
WELL, THEIR FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THAT KIDNAP NOTE YOU RECEIVED!

IMPOSSIBLE, THEY'RE DEAD.

GHOSTS DON'T WRITE KIDNAP NOTES!

PERHAPS NOT, BUT THEIR PRINTS HAVE BEEN FOUND AT ALL THESE KIDNAPPINGS.

WATKINS DEFENDED THEM ONCE...HE SHOULDN'T HAVE LIED TO ME!



NOW, WATKINS, IF YOU'LL CALL
ALL YOUR SERVANTS TOGETHER
I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR
KIDNAPPER!



AFTER THE SERVANTS ARRIVE

ONE OF YOU~PERHAPS MORE
THAN ONE, IS GUILTY OF THE
WORST CRIME OF ALL~
KIDNAPPING!



IN YOUR SON'S ROOM I HAVE
SECRETED A BLACK LIGHT
PROJECTOR, AND AN AUTO-
MATIC CAMERA THAT
PHOTOGRAPHED EVERYONE
THAT ENTERED THAT ROOM!



TUG~ GIVE ME THOSE
PHOTOGRAPHS...

HERE, WIZ...



THE GUILTY ONE IS~~

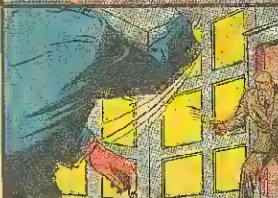


FREEZE! ALL OF YOU!
NONE OF YOU'LL LIVE
TO PIN THIS ON ME!

~WATKINS!

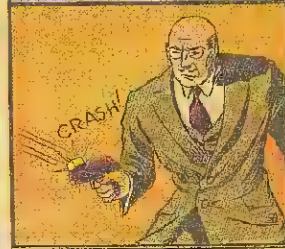


REMEMBERING THE SUPER
MAGNET IN HIS POCKET...



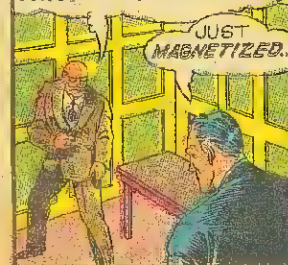
WELLS TOSSES IT TOWARD
THE KIDNAPPER'S GUN...

WITH A CRASH IT
STRIKES THE GUN...



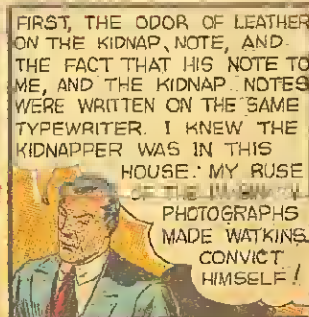
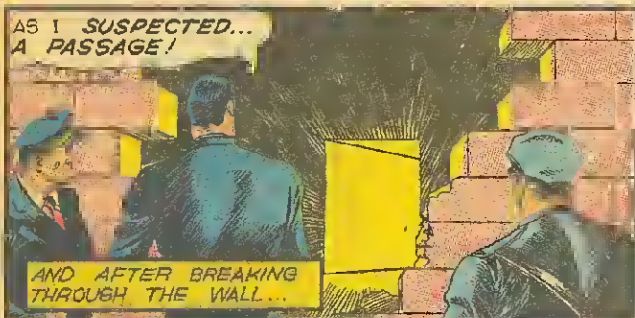
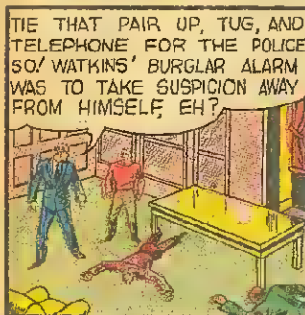
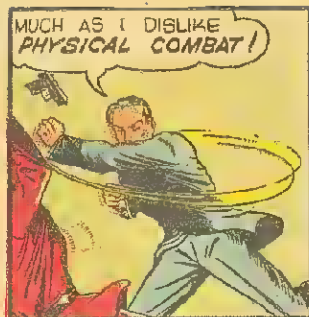
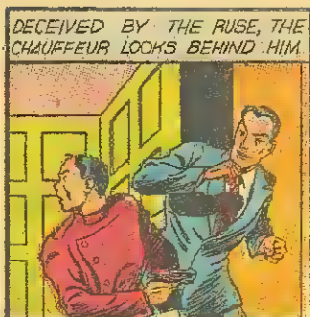
THIS GAT'S JAMMED!

JUST
MAGNETIZED.



...WATKINS!





CRIME IN ICE

BY LARRY SPAIN



"Well, boys, it got Tully."

Big Bull Weston, lumber boss of the Smokey Ridge outfit, lowered his eyes from the group of rough men who faced him, because he felt that a tear was not the thing for these men to see.

"Tully!" said Pierre Lareaux sorrowfully. "Po'r kittle Tully."

Hud Wilkins, usually boisterous and roudy and full of good humor, drew a wry face and shook his grizzled head forlornly.

"Tully," he said softly. "That makes four—with Burke, Slats and Pedro."

Cookie, the camp hash-slinger, sniffled and wiped a moist eye.

"Cripes," he said, "why can't something be done about this—this here mystery? What's wrong with the Mounted?"

"What's wrong with 'em?" Bull Weston echoed; "nothin' is wrong with 'em; they're workin' on the case. They've lost two men themselves, accordin' to Sergeant Lipscomb . . . this here thing's too big for 'em, that's all."

For weeks it had been going on. For weeks men had mysteriously disappeared from the woods and the frozen tundras, and no clues had been discovered. No mystery more profound had ever swept the great Northland. It had everyone in a high state of nerves. No one was safe abroad, day or night. No one knew when or where the thing—whatever it was—would strike. Six men so far had vanished . . .

"And now it's my turn," Ran Rallings spoke somewhat bitterly. The others seated in the warm

bunkhouse looked at him. Bull Weston shook his head.

"Ain't no call for you to go up there, Ran," he said mildly.

"If I don't go, someone else must," Ran replied. "Someone has to tend the boiler, or the mill shuts down . . . It's my turn." He got up, buttoned his parka, and pulled on thick mittens.

"Well, so long, lug!" he called with mock cheer. "Be seein' you!" Then he was gone, out into the howling night.

Sergeant Lipscomb, of the Mounted Police, read the last line of his report, slipped it into an envelope and got up briskly.

"There it is," he said. "That goes to Montreal. It's the third report I've sent in to headquarters. It contains every known detail of the disappearances. And that means exactly nothing, Mr. Vale."

Eric Vale rose and extended his hand.

"All I ask, Sergeant Lipscomb," he said, "is to conduct this thing in my own way. You've asked me up here. I don't know what I can do, but I promise to do my very best."

"Right," Lipscomb said. "When are you starting?"

"Now."

Eric Vale stepped out into the frigid air, slipped his feet into snowshoes, and sped away toward the north. He traveled light, with only the necessities. He could make more speed that way. Five miles from Police headquarters, he halted, listening. Steadily on the thin cold air came the muted drone of the Smokey Ridge lumber mill's

machinery. Evidently nothing had gone wrong with their man—at least yet. Eric went on.

Where had the others fallen down? How had they erred in their attempts to discover clues of the missing man? The Mounted Police had scoured the area with a fine-toothed comb, as they put it. So had various private detectives. All had failed. Where should he start?

He kept on, his racquets making a squeaky sound in the fine, freezing snow. Once a wolf yelped far off to his right and he shivered. Not that there was any possibility of a wolf attacking a man, unless he was down. The Northern Lights shimmered and flashed in streamers of bizarre color up over the Pole.

After an hour of steady going, Eric neared a low range of ice hills. They looked bleak and barren in the strange light. He skirted one end of them and then, in the lee of the ridge, he halted suddenly and bent down. Yes, there they were—tracks! Large imprints of shoes in the packed snow. He followed them for a space and was surprised to find the entrance of a low cave in the ice walls. Cautiously he entered, slipped out of his snowshoes, and walked along the dark corridor. Maybe this was a clue!

The tunnel opened out in a larger



cavern, considerably lighter from some overhead opening. Eric's eyes slowly swung around the chill room, then they stopped and a sharp exclamation escaped him. There before him, in a gleaming wall of solid ice, were six figures—the six men who had disappeared! They were frozen within the thick ice, their eyes wide open, expressions of utter horror on their faces.

"Like them?" A voice spoke softly behind him. Eric whirled, but a heavy net settled over his head and he was tangled in its strands in a moment. The author of the voice leaped upon him, beating him to the ground. It was useless to fight; the net effectually snared him. So he lay motionless while the huge man who had attacked him completed trussing him up securely.

"There!" said the stranger. "That'll hold you—until I'm ready to put you up there in my beautiful wall . . . it is beautiful, don't you think?"

"You're crazy!" Eric said steadily. "If you think you can get away with this sort of thing."

The man laughed. "Maybe I am crazy," he admitted. "Some people have said that. But you'll have to admit that my idea is clever, eh?"

"What is your idea?" Eric demanded.

The man's face underwent an instant transformation. A deadly passion crept over it, the most terrible expression of hate Eric had ever seen. Then he spoke:

"For years they have cheated me. They've taken everything I ever had. I owned thousands of acres of lumber. They took it . . . Now I'm getting even. I'll get every last one of them. I'll get my property back!"

"Who are you?" said Eric.

"I'm called Ivan," returned the man sonorously. "Ivan Ivanovitch." Then he laughed, a grotesque, insane laugh. After which he got to

his feet quickly and left the chamber of death.

Eric pondered a moment. So that was it. The man, frustrated sometime in life, had cracked. He was out of his mind. But often people—crazy people—were capable of hideous crimes . . .

It was cold in the cave, Eric's muscles felt paralyzed. He twisted, turned and tugged at the restricting net. And suddenly he found a loose cord. Working with this a half hour he finally managed to get free. He wasted no time. There was an axe lying on the floor. He picked it up and went at the ice wall like a veteran lumberjack.

He had chopped into the first figure when he made a startling discovery. He quit chopping, hurled the axe down and started off down another tunnel he had seen when



he first entered this room. It led a hundred yards, then turned abruptly to the right. Eric halted and listened. He thought he heard a slight sound. Yes, there it was again!

Eric hastened on. At the end of this tunnel there was another room, not so large as the main chamber. And in it were stacks of old clothes, snowshoes, and a long dog sledge. Also there was a workbench. Scattered about were odd pieces of a plastic substance which Eric couldn't identify in the dim light that filtered from overhead. But he didn't waste time in further exploring.

There was a door set in the wall back of the workbench, and this Eric pushed against. It swung inward.

"Well, tie that!" he exclaimed at a strange sight met his gaze. Lying about on bunks were men—all of them in rags, with emaciated faces and the look of death in their hollow eyes. But they were alive!

Eric made sure they were alive, then he left the room and approached the large chamber again. Everything was clear now. He would try to capture Ivan and take him into headquarters. If that failed, he would return and come back with the Police. Ivan had caused the last mystery he would ever hatch up.

A sound startled Eric as he stepped out of the tunnel into the ice room. Sergeant Lipscomb stood in the middle of the room, staring blankly at the iced in figures.

"So that's it!" he cried. "Well, I'll be a cross-eyed Eskimo! That's them, all right!"

Eric laughed. "Partly right, Sergeant," he said. "And partly wrong. It's a strange story . . . but first, did you see anything of Ivan?"

"Two of my men picked him up back on the trail a mile," Lipscomb replied. "If you mean the big Russian."

"I mean him," Eric said. "He's the creator of the ice mural there . . . also the central figure in your little mystery."

"They're dead, of course?" Sergeant Lipscomb said.

Eric nodded. "They are, but they are only cleverly constructed effigies. The men themselves are back there in a cave—half dead, but still breathing. Let's get help up here and get 'em back home."

**ANOTHER EXCITING
ERIC VALE STORY
THE BEAST OF BURMA
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS—On Sale Oct. 2nd**

MADAM FATAL



ART
DINGMAN

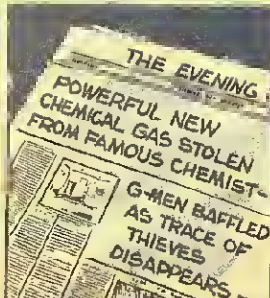


IT IS ALMOST TRAIN TIME AS THE "SILVER STREAK" LIMITED PREPARES TO LEAVE THE CENTRAL TERMINAL FOR CHICAGO—AMONG ITS PASSENGERS WILL BE RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF MADAM FATAL....

HMM—WHAT'S THIS?—AND JUST AS I'M ABOUT TO LEAVE TOWN!



THE EVENING
POWERFUL NEW
CHEMICAL GAS STOLEN
FROM FAMOUS CHEMIST—



G-MEN BAFFLED
AS TRACE OF
THIEVES
DISAPPEARS

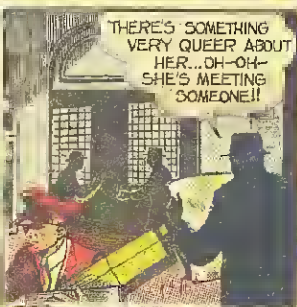
NO DOUBT THE CROOKS
STOLE THE GAS TO PASS
IT ON TO SOME FOREIGN
GOVERNMENT—THEY'LL
HAVE TO BE SLICK
TO GET BY THE
G-MEN!!



WELL—I'LL BE! SAY—
THAT'S A COINCIDENCE...
THAT OLD LADY LOOKS JUST
LIKE MADAM FATAL...
FUNNY!!



THERE'S SOMETHING
VERY QUEER ABOUT
HER...OH-OH—
SHE'S MEETING
SOMEONE!!



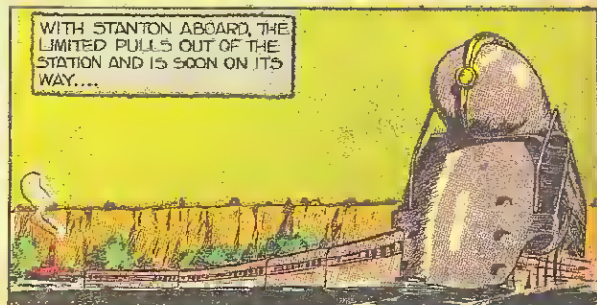
A VERY "TOUCHING"
FAREWELL—CLEVER
ACTING I CALL IT!!

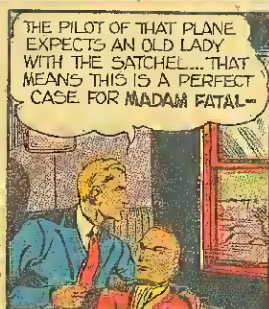
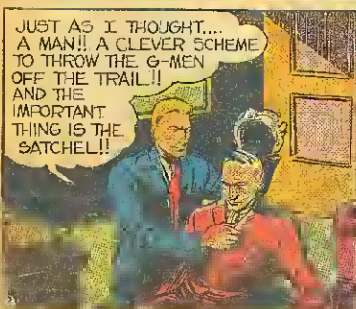
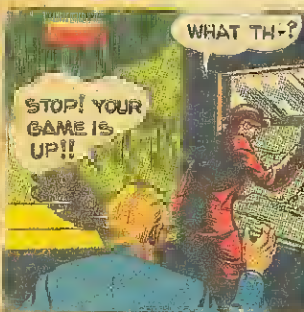


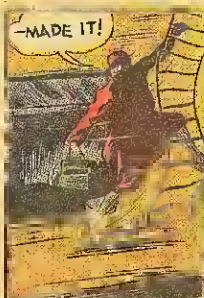
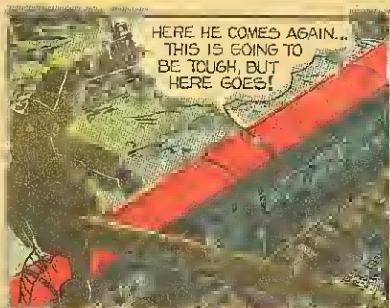
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS
TRIP IS GOING TO BE
AN INTERESTING ONE...
I'VE JUST GOT TIME
TO BUY MY TICKET!!



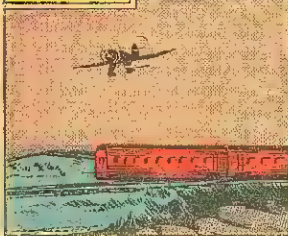
WITH STANTON ABOARD, THE
LIMITED PULLS OUT OF THE
STATION AND IS SOON ON ITS
WAY....



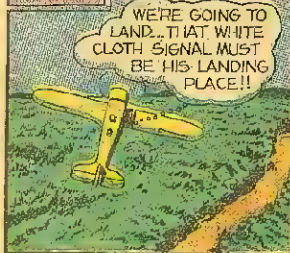




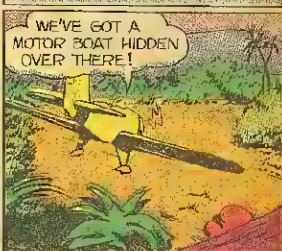
TO MADAM FATAL'S SURPRISE, THE PLANE TAKES A SOUTHERLY DIRECTION....



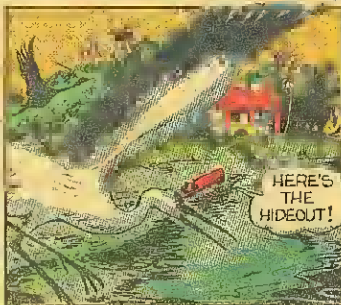
HOURS LATER - OVER A FLORIDA JUNGLE...



THEY LAND IN A SMALL CLEARING ON THE EDGE OF A STREAM



THEY ARE SOON PASSING THROUGH A DENSE SWAMP...



BOYS - LOOK! WITH THIS GAS WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY... OUR SMUGGLING RACKET'S HERE TO STAY - WITH THIS STUFF WE COULD HOLD OFF AN ARMY...



AT THIS MOMENT THE GANG'S RADIO OPERATOR COMES IN....

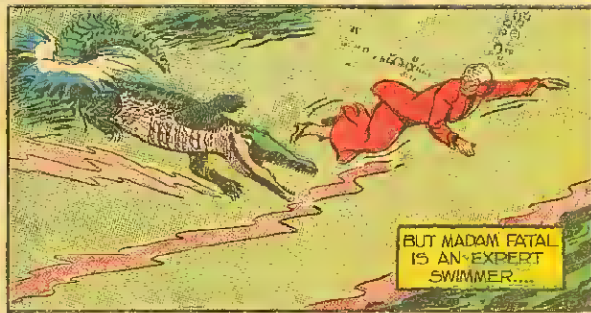
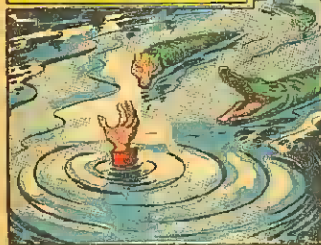


BOYS!! - GRAB THAT GUY QUICK!! HE'S NOT ONE OF OUR MOB!

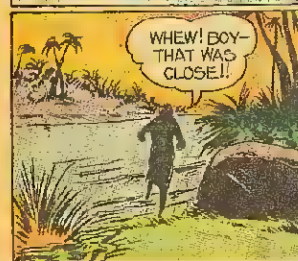




AS MADAM FATAL HITS THE WATER, SEVERAL MAN-EATING CROCODILES SWARM TOWARD THE SPOT...



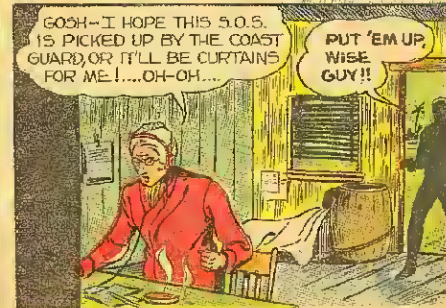
A FEW MINUTES LATER MADAM FATAL MIRACULOUSLY REACHES SHORE...



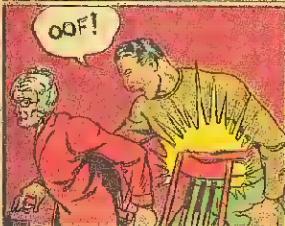
AS THE OPERATOR SITS BEFORE HIS SET A SHADOW SUDDENLY FALLS ACROSS HIM....



BUT BEFORE HE CAN MAKE A MOVE...



WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVE, MADAM FATAL SHOVED THE CHAIR INTO THE THUG'S STOMACH...



LEAVING THE RADIO OPERATOR'S CABIN, MADAM FATAL HEADS FOR THE GANG'S HIDEOUT.



WHAT LUCK!! THERE'S NO ONE IN-AND HERE'S THE CHEMICAL GAS!!



MEANWHILE THE GANG IS RETURNING...



LOOK! IT'S THAT GUY AGAIN!

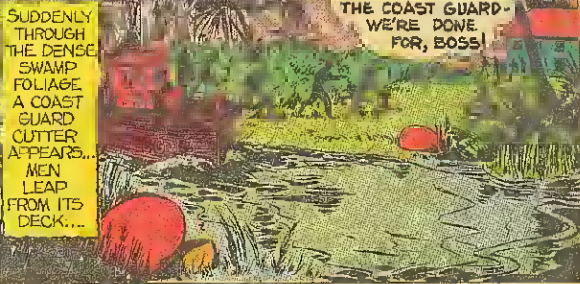
AND HE'S GOT TH' CHEMICAL GAS!



TAKE ONE STEP NEARER AND I'LL DASH THIS TO THE GROUND AND BLOW YOU ALL TO PIECES!!



SUDDENLY THROUGH THE DENSE SWAMP FOLIAGE A COAST GUARD CUTTER APPEARS... MEN LEAP FROM ITS DECK...



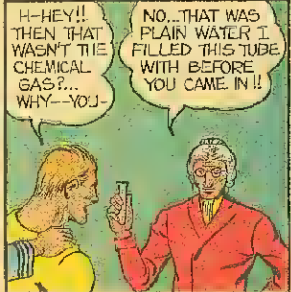
NICE WORK, LADY- WE CAME AS SOON AS WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE!

BOY, AM I THIRSTY! THINK I'LL TAKE A DRINK!!

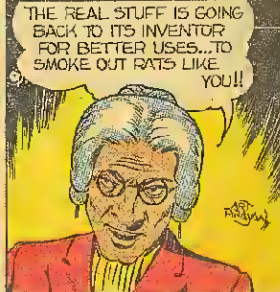


H-HEY!! THEN THAT WASN'T THE CHEMICAL GAS?... WHY--YOU-

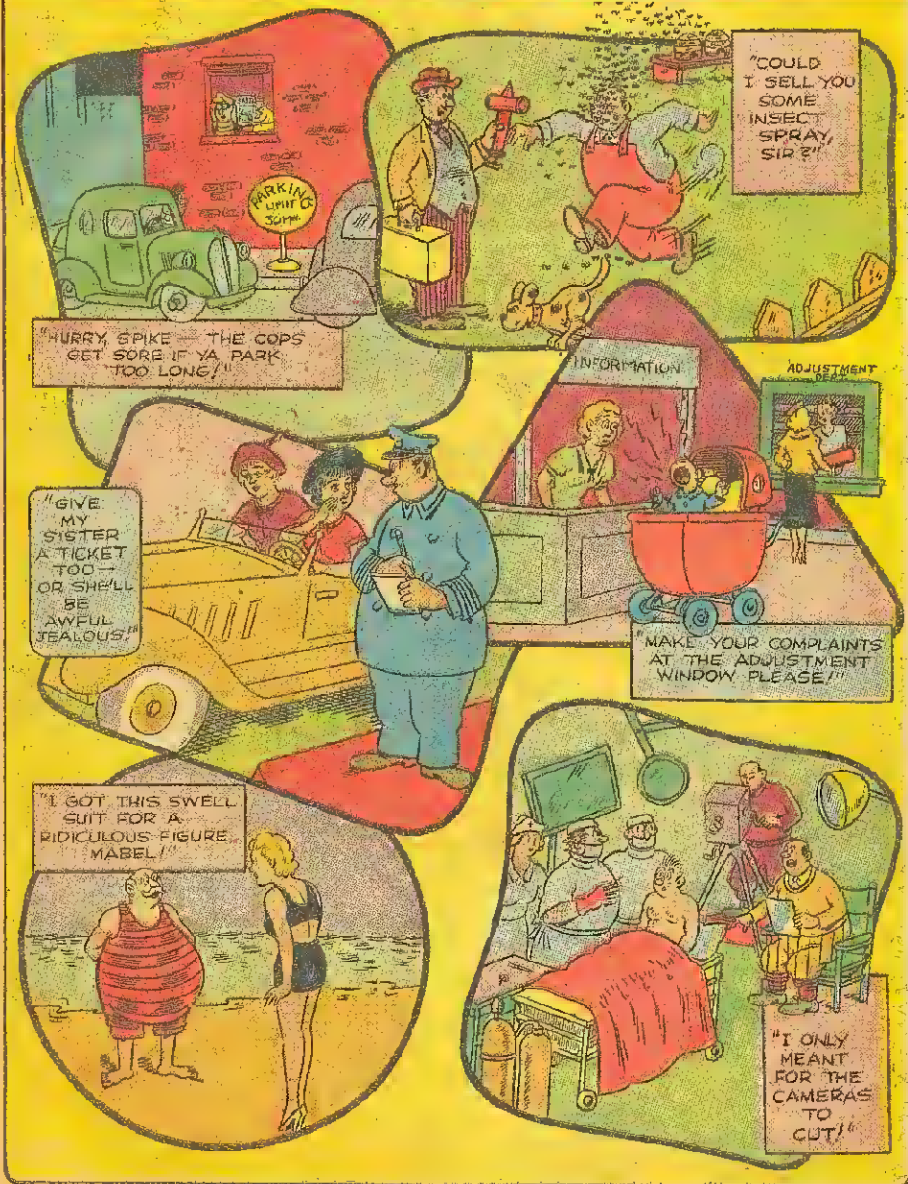
NO...THAT WAS PLAIN WATER I FILLED THIS TUBE WITH BEFORE YOU CAME IN!!



THE REAL STUFF IS GOING BACK TO ITS INVENTOR FOR BETTER USES...TO SMOKE OUT RATS LIKE YOU!!



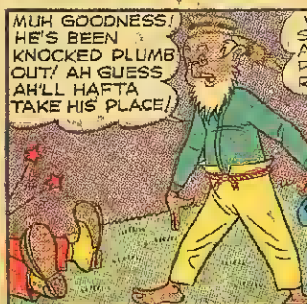
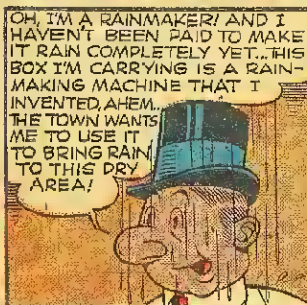
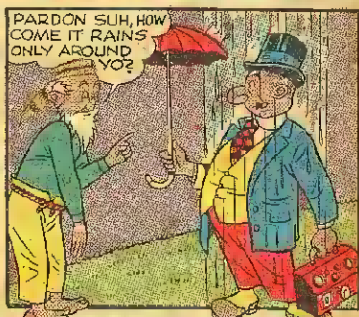
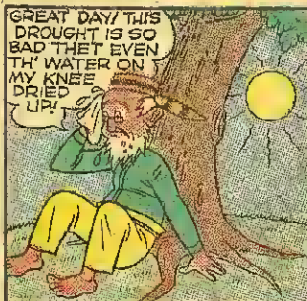
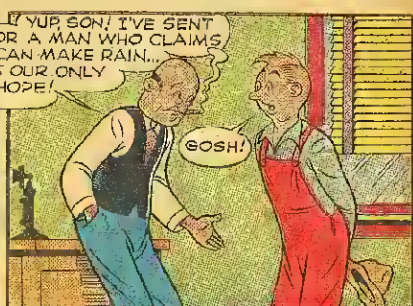
OFF THE RECORD By ED REED

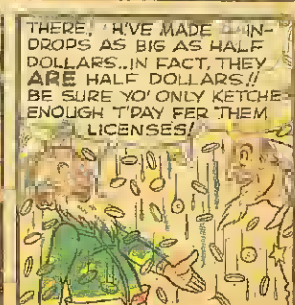
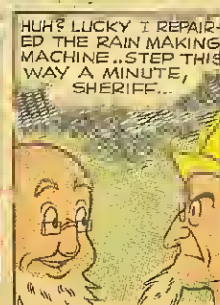
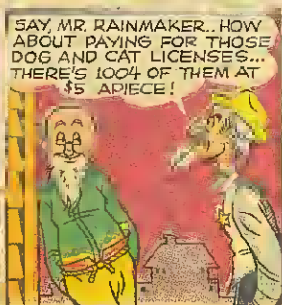
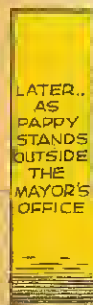
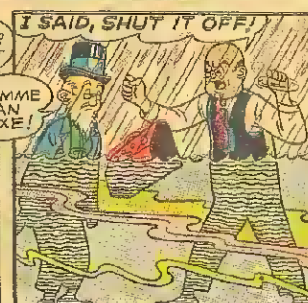
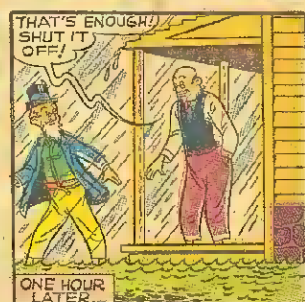
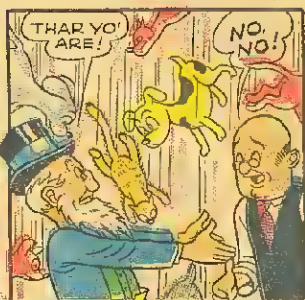
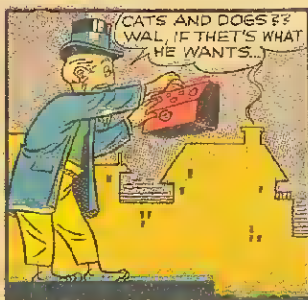


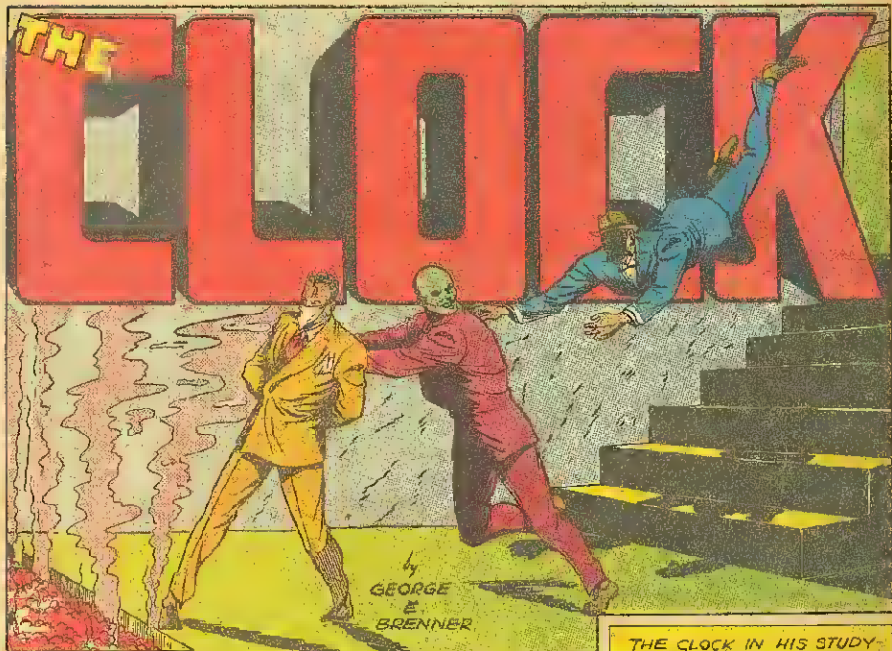
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SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

THE WHOLE COUNTRYS DE HAS BEEN HARD HIT BY A TERRIBLE DROUGHT. PAPPY'S TOWN IS IN A BAD WAY... LET'S SEE WHAT THE MAYOR IS DOING ABOUT IT



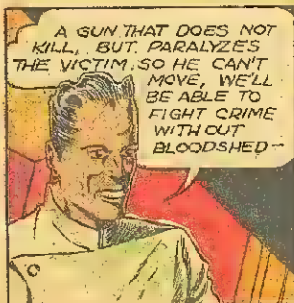




THE CLOCK IN HIS STUDY--

BRIAN O'BRIEN, WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF THE CLOCK, AND HIS TWO-FISTED DOUBLE, PUG BRADY, FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE TO STAMP OUT CRIME

THOUGH ALWAYS LIVING AND FIGHTING AS ONE, AT THE PRESENT MOMENT EACH WORKS FEVERISHLY, UNKNOWN TO THE OTHER-----



AT THE SAME TIME, PUG IS AT WORK IN THE LABORATORY---

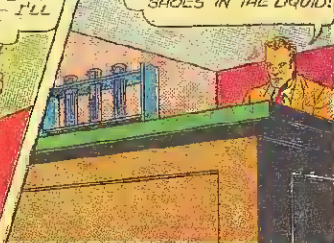
AH! THE TEST WORKS!



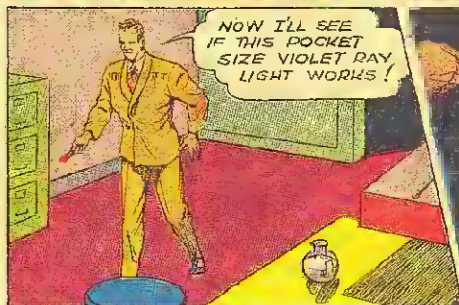
- A PHOSPHORESCENT LIQUID THAT GLOWS ONLY WHEN A VIOLET RAY LIGHT IS PLAYED ON IT - I'LL SEE HOW IT WORKS!



I'LL SOAK THE SOLES OF THESE SHOES IN THE LIQUID!



HAVING PUT ON THE SHOES, DUG WALKS THE LENGTH OF THE ROOM--



NOW I'LL SEE IF THIS POCKET SIZE VIOLET RAY LIGHT WORKS!

IT DOES!



WITH THAT WE'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW EACH OTHER WITHOUT LEAVING SIGNS, I'LL TELL THE BOSS!



BOSS - I'VE JUST INVENTED A---

PUG - I'VE JUST INVENTED A-- SAY, WHAT IS THIS?



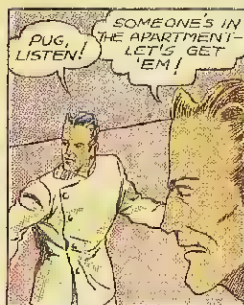
THE TWO MEN EXPLAIN TO EACH OTHER HOW THEIR INVENTIONS WORK..AND THE GREAT USE THEY'LL BE IN FIGHTING CRIME -

YOU'RE RIGHT, PUG, - THESE THINGS WILL HELP US --- IF WE ONLY HAD THE CHANCE TO TRY THEM OUT!

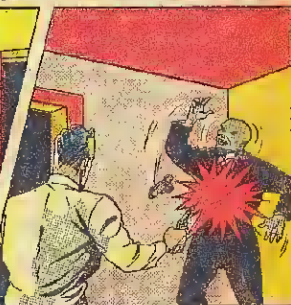
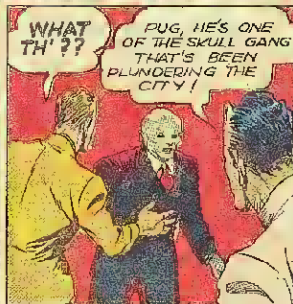
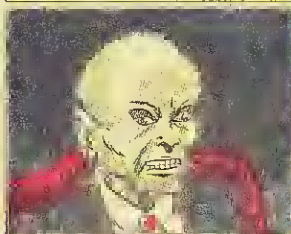


AND FATE SUPPLIES THIS OPPORTUNITY, FOR AT THIS MOMENT A FIGURE STALKS THROUGH THE HALLS OF THE CLOCK'S APARTMENT---





THE CLOCK AND PUG STARE INTO THE GHASTLY PASTY WHITE SKULL-LIKE FACE OF THE INTRUDER---



THE SKULL FIGURE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS---



THEY'RE GONE --
TO GET THE POLICE --
I'LL GET OUTA
HERE!



THERE HE
GOES, PUG -- LET'S
HOPE HE DIDN'T
COME IN A
CAR!



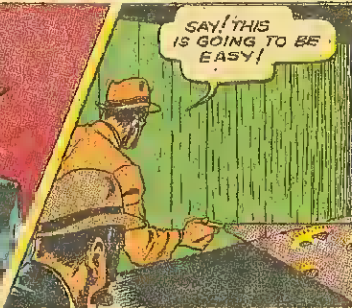
SWALLOWED BY THE
SHADOWS, THE SKULL SLINKS
LIKE A RAT THROUGH THE
BACK ALLEYS ---



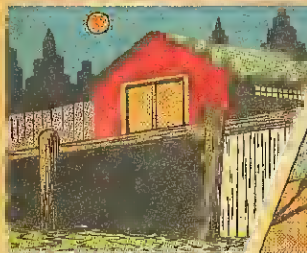
OKEY, PUG --
LET'S FOLLOW!



SAY! THIS
IS GOING TO BE
EASY!



THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE WATER-
FRONT SECTION OF THE CITY---



HE WENT
IN HERE,
BOSS!



THEN WE GO
IN TOO,
COME ON!

DUG, YOU
LOOK OVER THIS
SECTION -- I'LL GO
UPSTAIRS --

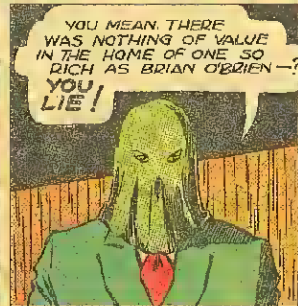


MEANWHILE, THE SKULL WHO
FAILED IN HIS MISSION REPORTS
FALSELY TO HIS MASTER---



THERE WAS
NOTHING IN THE
HOUSE WORTH
TAKING!

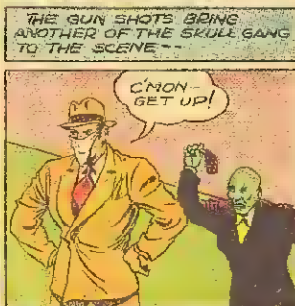
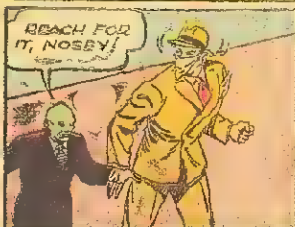
YOU MEAN THERE
WAS NOTHING OF VALUE
IN THE HOME OF ONE SO
RICH AS BRIAN O'BRIEN --?
YOU
LIE!



...AND FOR
THAT, YOU
DIE!

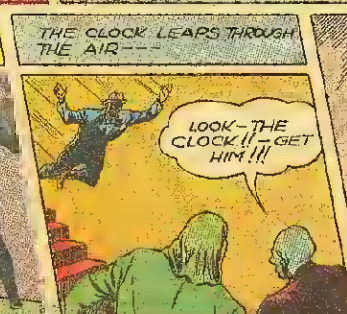
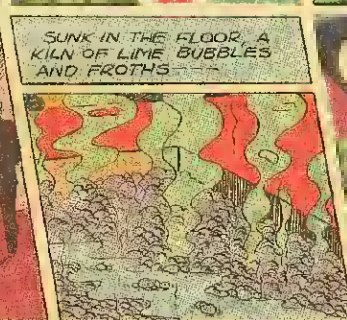
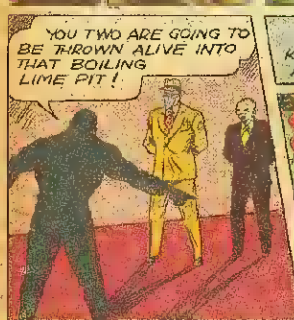
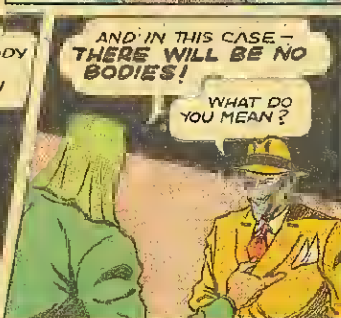
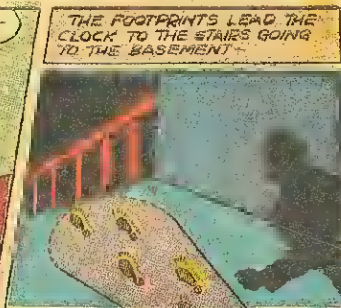
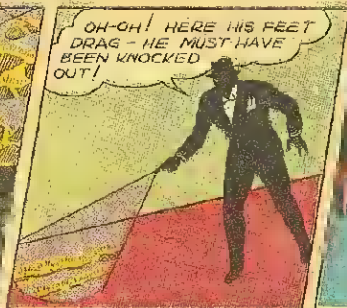
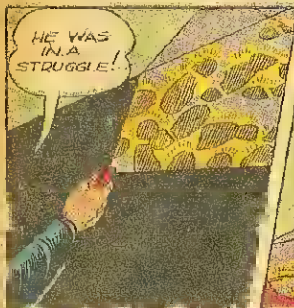


PUG STILL SEARCHES WITHOUT RESULTS, WHEN SUDDENLY HE IS DISCOVERED BY ONE OF THE GANG

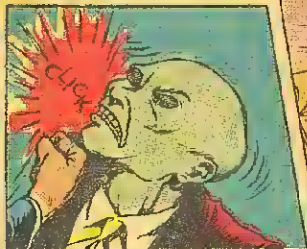


MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK FINISHES HIS SEARCH WITH-OUT RESULTS---





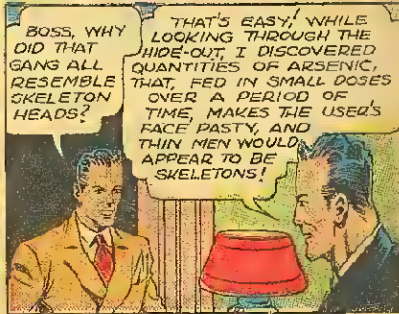
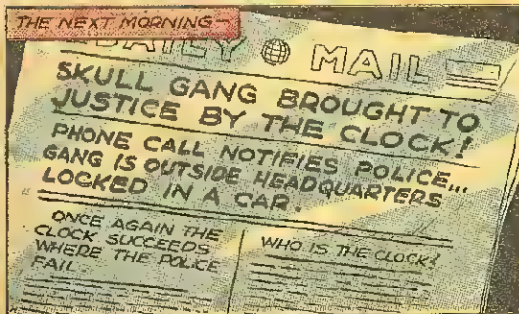
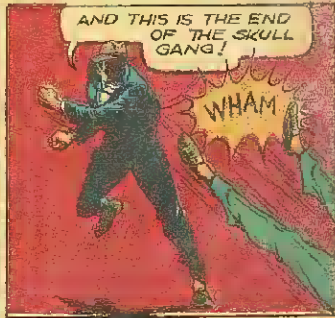
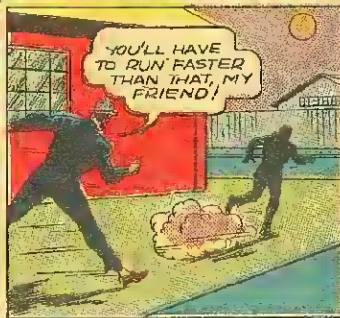
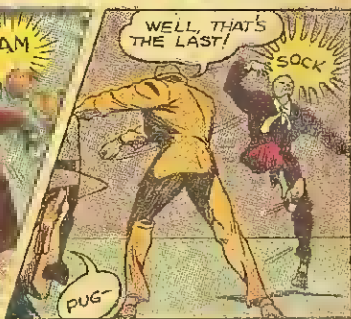
THE CLOCK'S BRUISING
FIST BEGINS TO TAKE ITS
TOLL ---

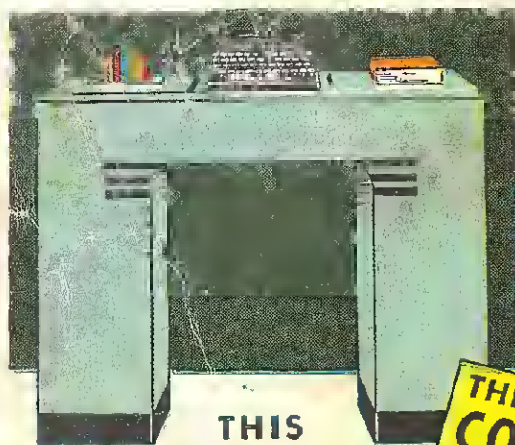


PUG BREAKS HIS BONDS AND RUSHES
INTO THE FIGHT ---



THE HOODED
LEADER TAKES
ADVANTAGE
OF THE
FIGHT
TO ESCAPE -





ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER.

**THIS
BEAUTIFUL
DESK FOR \$1.00**

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REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

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COMBINATION
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THE SENSATIONAL NEW DAISY

1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

cowboy

CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., NEW YORK

MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name on 'em!—faced branded on 'em stock!"—RED RYDER

16 INCH LEATHER
SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost, Padner!"

WESTERN
CARBINE
RING!

"The real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3 foot cord thru the Ring and tie the other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to the ground if she slides outa my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a bo'ar!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger, Fellars! Raise the Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work . . . large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made the Front Sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind yuh of the Golden West!"

GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!

"Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round the muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty . . . kinda like the real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

CARBINE
STYLE FORE-PIECE!

"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold . . . the wood just 'snugs' into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!"

LIGHTNING-LOADER
INVENTION!

"Twist the magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without re-loadin' once!"

Follow RED RYDER
—NEA sensational
comic strip feature
—in YOUR daily,
Sunday paper.

Look—buy—and shoot this beautiful new Golden Banded COWBOY Carbine . . . first, 1000-Shot repeater, Lightning-Loader air rifle in Daisy history! Same style of carbine for yeh as they on their saddle out West and in the arena. It's the Carbine Ring with 16" Leather Saddle Thong. America's favorite . . . that red . . . Hood of the Golden West. We'll rush your 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE to you. Then get yours at your Dealer. If he is sold out (or no Daisy Dealer near you) send us \$2.95—we'll rush your 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE postpaid! Harry.

IT'S REALLY YOURS
for \$2.95

\$2.50

The Popular 500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

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MY BOSS
ON STICK

Just like a real cowboy
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SADDLE THONG!**

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holster or gets knocked from
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rock!"

**LIGHTNING-LOADER
INVENTION!**

"Twist
magazine—pump in 1000
shots in 20 seconds—
shoot 1000 times
an' just re-loadin'
once!"



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